

SLINGSHOT



By Quinn Ginger

The outskirts of Buenos Aires are grim and cluttered, and our route out of the city was lined with weathered billboards stuck like hectic postage on every flat surface. In contrast with the sleek, tech driven city center, the rim of Buenos Aires is still deeply industrial. It's a place where workers sell the hours in their day for a wage and spend the majority of their waking lives inside a factory answering to a boss. I was there to seek out another way to conduct business; One that provides lives and livelihoods separate from the hierarchical wage system, which for the past 12 years since the economic collapse has been growing in the rubble, inside large warehouses and dusty offices.

For the past two months, I have been visiting, interviewing and working with the worker-owners of Argentina's *empresas recuperadas*, or "taken factories". The taken

worker owned cooperative. Their logic was that since their labor produced all the added value for the products, and their employers had walked away from their businesses, it was their only option. It was their right to run the factories themselves under horizontal direct democracy.

This movement provided immense hope for many around the world who saw factory occupation and reclamation as the beginning of a paradigm shift; a chance to build a new system within the broken shell of global capitalism. This flood of energy and idealism was undoubtedly released in the US by a film by Naomi Klein and Avi Lewis called *The Take*, which outlines the struggle of one cooperative to gain control of production in their former work place. I had a window into the maturation of this dream and witnessed the textured and complex landscape of factory reclamation in Buenos Aires 12 years after the first factory take over in the early 2000s.

THE
HORRIFYING EXPERIENCE
OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

22 ½ hours a day (for multiple decades)

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For the past two months, I have been visiting, interviewing and working with the worker-owners of Argentina's *empresas recuperadas*, or "taken factories". The taken factories movement gained enormous momentum after the Argentine economic collapse of 2001, when foreign investors saw their business in Argentina's strong industrial sector crumble and they closed up shop. Workers at some of these factories saw the lunacy in letting their former work places lie cold and vacant while they were out of work. They already knew how to run the businesses and operate the machines. One by one, they began to occupy their factories and demand the right to work (protected under Argentina's constitution) and re-start production as a

worker owned cooperative. Their logic was that since their labor produced all the added value for the products, and their employers had walked away from their businesses, it was their only option. It was their right to run the factories themselves under horizontal direct democracy.

This movement provided immense hope for many around the world who saw factory occupation and reclamation as the beginning of a paradigm shift; a chance to build a new system within the broken shell of global capitalism. This flood of energy and idealism was undoubtedly released in the US by a film by Naomi Klein and Avi Lewis called *The Take*, which outlines the struggle of one cooperative to gain control of production in their former work place. I had a window into the maturation of this dream and witnessed the textured and complex landscape of factory reclamation in Buenos Aires 12 years after the first factory take over in the early 2000s.

As a student of economics (which in my public university means a student of neoliberal economics) and a young activist, I saw the worker ownership model in Argentina as a beacon I could orient towards; a perhaps-viable alternative and a method of resistance that was widely applicable. The movement has held fast to some fairly radical principles, while also neatly assimilating to dominant business strategies as it has become institutionalized. The stories of workers I interviewed were filled with contradiction, relentless struggle against

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Collared
Greens &

NEW STRUCTURES
FOR FREEDOM
after the riot...

By Ceanothus

It was late afternoon when Brennan appeared on my doorstep and asked for a firearm; "don't worry he told me "I won't hurt anyone but me."

RADICLES

Why not let the weeds grow? Let the dogs free? It's like language trying to break the world up into bits and own it. Nothing's separate from anything else; that means I'm not me, not anyone. I'm free."

At first the things he said had been incomprehensible to me, but now I understood him. In his own cryptic ways, he was articulating a way of thinking that pervades radical thought; his mental break had led him to deconstruct his way out of existence.

I was at a loss for words; I thought I agreed



THE HORRIFYING EXPERIENCE OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

By James Simmons

Imagine being locked in a cage alone for 22 ½ hours a day, sometimes for decades on end, with no normal human contact and no exposure to direct sunlight ever. California calls them Security Housing Units (SHU's), and over 3,000 prisoners are in facilities like this' (up to 80,000 in the U.S.¹). The majority of these prisons have no windows, computers, or telephone calls. Showers are typically once a week, mail is withheld regularly, meals are pushed through a slot in their cell, and there is no work or rehabilitation of any kind. Conditions like these were the focus of this summer's two-month long California prison hunger strike by 30,000 inmates which ended September 4.

A major reason this inhumane treatment continues is the common misconception that citizen's have about who are in these facilities. This is most likely because of the government's claims that these solitary confinement units are only for the "worst of the worst". The truth is that there are many prisoners with no record of violence in the outside world in these facilities and that these same solitary confinement techniques are being used in juvenile facilities as well. Pelican Bay State Prison's Security Housing Unit in Crescent City, California is widely considered by prisoners as the worst facility for solitary confinement in the state, and experts

22 ½ hours a day (for multiple decades sometimes), has severe psychological implications.

Stuart Grassian, a Harvard psychiatrist specializing in solitary confinement, found that the effects of this type of confinement included impaired thinking, perception, impulse control, and memory, as well as hallucinations². It was considered after only a couple of weeks of solitary confinement to be "psychological torture". This treatment of prisoners and their conditions at Pelican Bay State Prison, led to Amnesty International concluding that the facility was in violation of international law³. This extremist version of solitary confinement employed by PBSP will therefore inevitably affect our greater society, as these inmates develop a gamut of mental illnesses that go untreated before being released into the population of the outside world. The "supposed" purpose of the prison system in this nation is to rehabilitate, but these SHU facilities instead just inflict severe

Continued on page 11

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It was late afternoon when Brennan appeared on my doorstep and asked for a firearm; "don't worry," he told me "I won't hurt anyone but me."

I had not seen him in months, and we all knew that he had been losing himself—sleeping on the streets, giving away everything he owned to strangers, talking about things nobody but he could understand. I cancelled my plans for the afternoon and we spent it together. We decided to walk to a community garden to collect some greens for dinner. It was difficult to keep him from wandering off, but I wanted to keep track of him.

The garden was an oasis of unkempt beds and weeds under a billboard on the edge of a busy South Berkeley street. The late afternoon light was golden, streaming gently through the chain link and falling on the delicate green life of the garden. We crouched on our knees, amongst weeds, collecting collard greens. "I don't like these," Brennan said. I asked why. "Collards' reminds me of how crust punks keep their dogs. Tied up. Just like everything else. Why keep some plants and kill others?"

RADICLES

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At first the things he said had been incomprehensible to me, but now I understood him. In his own cryptic ways, he was articulating a way of thinking that pervades radical thought; his mental break had led him to deconstruct his way out of existence.

I was at a loss for words; I thought I agreed with him; I had for a long time supported these same ideas. Yet they hadn't freed him. Instead, Brennan was falling apart, and confusing his own negation for freedom. It is a difficult distinction, and in my own way it was plaguing me too.

The dominant culture has imposed its strangling order on the universe through the violent imposition of conceptual and material borders. By defining them, its logic has built impermeable walls between self and society, between human and environment, between man and woman, between *this* nation and *that* nation, and it has used these concepts as fortifications, from which it has staged attacks of genocide, ecocide, gynocide, omnicide.

In this logic of compartmentalization, the specificities of things vanish; human beings become numerable, interchangeable.

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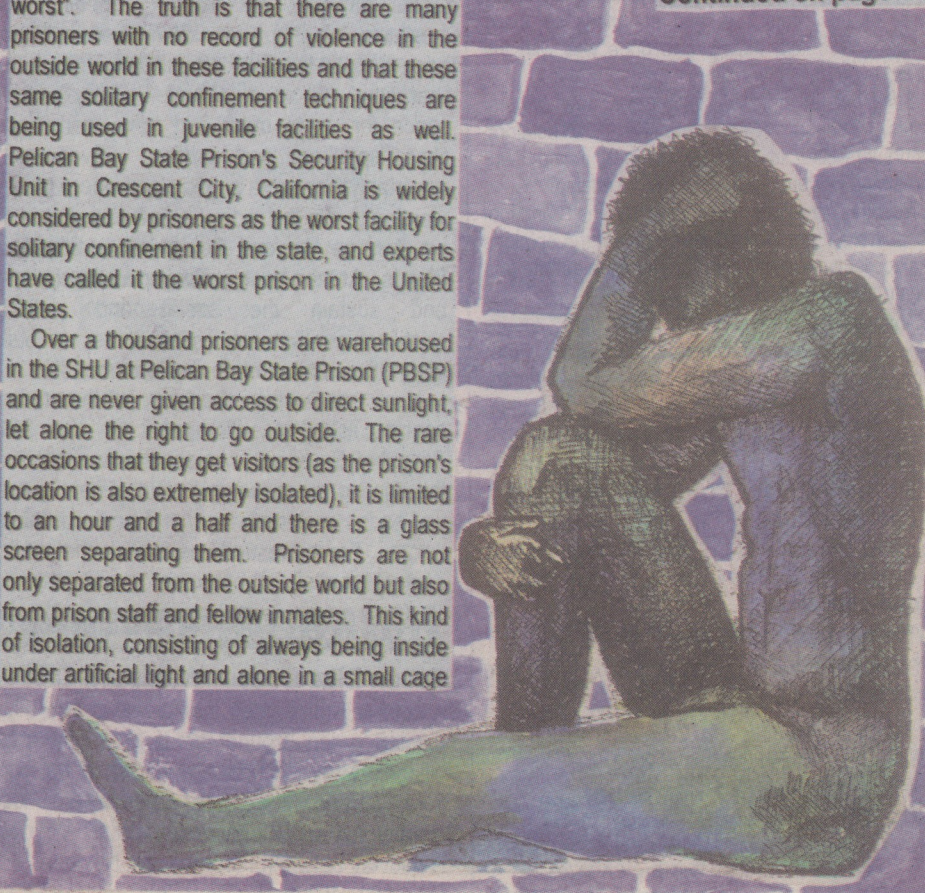
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Over a thousand prisoners are warehoused in the SHU at Pelican Bay State Prison (PBSP) and are never given access to direct sunlight, let alone the right to go outside. The rare occasions that they get visitors (as the prison's location is also extremely isolated), it is limited to an hour and a half and there is a glass screen separating them. Prisoners are not only separated from the outside world but also from prison staff and fellow inmates. This kind of isolation, consisting of always being inside under artificial light and alone in a small cage

the effects of this type of confinement included impaired thinking, perception, impulse control, and memory, as well as hallucinations². It was considered after only a couple of weeks of solitary confinement to be "psychological torture". This treatment of prisoners and their conditions at Pelican Bay State Prison, led to Amnesty International concluding that the facility was in violation of international law³. This extremist version of solitary confinement employed by PBSP will therefore inevitably affect our greater society, as these inmates develop a gamut of mental illnesses that go untreated before being released into the population of the outside world. The "supposed" purpose of the prison system in this nation is to rehabilitate, but these SHU facilities instead just inflict severe

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SLINGSHOT

Slingshot is an independent radical newspaper published in Berkeley since 1988.

This issue comes into the world as the light is fading and we are entering the season of long nights. More state oppression surrounds us with back room deals bent on fucking up the planet and depriving people of a free life... Visible resistance seems to spike from the early spring until now as we progress to the seed of winter. We will fucking rock into the night.

The events in this issue give a slight nod to the ground recently taken. Since our last issue, governments worldwide continued repression of direct action activists — from Chelsea Manning and the NSA to banner droppers in the Arctic. It hasn't stopped large numbers of us from taking the streets demanding immigrant rights, an increase of the minimum wage to \$15 an hour, justice for Trayvon Martin and others killed by racists and cops, protests over mineral and land rights, and defeat of corrupt overseers in Honduras, Bahrain, etc. The *Shit's On!!*

On the surface the ferment may not appear as contagious and hip as the awe inspiring numbers who laid siege to Seattle or the wild fire spread of Occupy. But people are still pursuing that same kind of engagement whether the mainstream news reports it or not. The writing and ideas printed here aspire to express that spirit as it converges wrapped with a crudely made Anarchy sign.

This issue we had one of the largest groups working on the journal in a while. Meetings were attended by upwards of 15 people at a time, including many new folks. There is very little pre-planned about this paper. The articles that make it into print are usually from random sources — but that makes the final paper multifaceted — like the movement itself. Of course it also makes our "voice" Off Beat, and not in a good way. Vital struggles and victories are happening as we are publicizing half cooked ideas and tepid analysis of (non)-events.

This paper pulls together so many disparate voices, sometimes it seems like it's fighting itself. Our individual ideas are frequently discordant. But when you place our voices side-by-side rather than against each other, you get a choir rather than a battlefield still harmonizing towards a better world.

If you squint your eyes while turning the pages,



The Cascadia Forest Defenders have been blockading the White Castle Timber sale via tree sits to stop the destruction of remaining old growth forests in southern Oregon. They are looking for support, and will provide what they can for people who come out such as food, training and gear. I hitch hiked to Eugene in August where I met up with some of them and learned a bit about tree climbing before we went to the sit.

According to their call to action, "The White Castle timber sale is the first of a new type of clearcut — a Variable Retention Harvest. Variable Retention Harvests cut 70% of a forest leaving the remaining 30% in little scattered patches. The science developed by Drs.

Corrections to the 2014 Organizer

- The address we published for Bellingham Alternative Library is wrong. The new address is 1421 Railroad Ave., Bellingham, WA 98225, although we're not sure that is right since the postal service doesn't seem to recognize the address.
- Because they were going through an organizational transition at press time, we mistakenly failed to publish the Meg Perry Center at 644 Congress St. Portland, ME 04102-207-772-0680.
- We got a report that the Candlelight in West Bend, Indiana no longer exists. Also, it was listed under Wisconsin as well as Indiana — please cross it out in Wisconsin. There is no West Bend, WI that we are aware of.
- Pangea House may no longer be at 109 Central Ave. W. Minot, ND 58703. We're not sure if they moved or if they ceased to exist.
- Oy — Either the GLBT Resource Center in South Bend, Indiana no longer exists, or they moved, or the post office just returned the letter we tried to send them for fun.
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If you squint your eyes while turning the pages, you may just see this as another paint by numbers political waste of space. A big yawn. You may regard this as the same old recycled (issues) pictures, slogans and manifestos. And worse — presently this project is preoccupied with fluffy solutions. We lack visible and visceral anger and daring illegal acts. No unpleasant invites for those still awake beaconing a dash across barbed wire to freedom in the face of exponentially increasing rules and traps. At best you may hear a familiar song, "Diversity of Tactics" that may drive you from the dance floor entirely. But don't go. If it's missing in this paper...write for it, collect info for it, paint for it...

This issue we used full-color rather than the two-tone spot color we've been using the last few years. We miss the low-tech simplicity of spot color even while full-color offers new toys to play with.

Often we disparage our relation to money. Money offers poor security as compared with community. This paper allows you to enter a circle of people struggling to make its way without clinging to a bottom line that is determined to sell us out. A free paper for a free people on a free planet. Now is an exciting time for us when we ship off the Slingshot Organizer. That little dayplanner ultimately pays for this project — and enhances so many people's lives. We hope we've done well with the support you have given us.

Slingshot is always looking for new writers,

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For more information please check: forestdefensenow.com or write cascadiaforestdefenders@riseup.net

Compiled by Jesse D. Palmer

I just celebrated 20 years of staffing Sunday nights at the Long Haul infoshop in Berkeley, which started in August, 1993. Over the years, it has been amazing to be part of this project as well as to watch radical spaces and infoshops sprout all over the world. Opening and operating infoshops is exciting because they bring people together around the struggle for liberation and social change. They provide

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- Oops — we didn't print the address for Durham Bike coop, 715 Washington St. Durham, NC 27701, 919-675-2453.
- We mistakenly listed the Cream City Collective in Milwaukee. They no longer exist.
- The address we published for Lost Generation in Malaysia has changed. They are now at 8c, Jalan Panggung, 50000 Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, lostgenerationspace.blogspot.com
- Centro de Cultura Libertaria in Bogota, Colombia no longer exists

Welcome: here are some new

RADICAL SPACES

People's Art Collective - New Haven, CT

A radical space with a studio for artists plus free books, clothes and art supplies. They "combine performative, collaborative, interactive, participatory, and site-specific art-making with crowd-sourced, grass roots community organizing to offer solutions to problems in our community. Our solutions are arts-based reimaginings of and disruptions to

Land of Plenty — Akron, OH

An art gallery and metaphysical store with connections to local radical activities. 339 W. Market St. Akron, OH 44303 330-703-5633 landofplentyakron.com

Banc Expropiat de Gràcia — Barcelona, Spain

A multi-use, non-sectarian anti-authoritarian space with a free store, space to read/ hangout, radical literature, meetings & classes.

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Slingshot is always looking for new writers, artists, editors, photographers, translators, distributors, etc. to make this paper. If you send something written, please be open to editing.

Editorial decisions are made by the *Slingshot Collective* but not all the articles reflect the opinions of all collectives members. We welcome debate and constructive criticism.

Thanks to the people who made this: Aaron, Alex, Brooke, Carey, Darin, Eggplant, Emily, Fred, Gina, Glenn, Hayley, Heather, Jesse, Joey, Jordan, J-tronn, Kris, Mama Gramps, Mason, Susan, Vanessa, and all the authors and artists who contributed work.

Slingshot New Volunteer Meeting

Volunteers interested in getting involved with *Slingshot* can come to the new volunteer meeting on October 20, 2013 at 4 p.m. at the Long Haul in Berkeley (see below.)

Article Deadline & Next Issue Date

Submit your articles for issue 115 by November 30, 2013 at 3 p.m.

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habitat, like butterflies and moths.

For more information please check:
forestdefense.org or write
cascadiaforestdefenders@riseup.net!

blogspot.com

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Here are some changes to the radical contact list that will appear in the 2014 *Slingshot Organizer*. As soon as we took it to the printing press, we got word of new spaces we hadn't included, and/or found out about errors. For more updates, check the on-line contact list at slingshot.tao.ca.



Green Bike Coop – Waldport, OR

A cute little bike coop that provides free bikes painted green around the tiny Oregon coast village. They also have a workshop for fixing your bike and run classes. Operated by a local literacy and social service non-profit. Waldport is midway between Florence and Newport. 115 U.S. 101 Waldport, OR 97394 541-563-7328
www.seashorefamily.org

People's Art Collective - New Haven, CT

A radical space with a studio for artists plus free books, clothes and art supplies. They "combine performative, collaborative, interactive, participatory, and site-specific art-making with crowd-sourced, grass roots community organizing to offer solutions to problems in our community. Our solutions are arts-based reimaginings of and disruptions to modes of living which, at individual or structural levels, are alienating, oppressive and/or unsustainable." Open 5-8 Mon, Tue, Thu, 6-10 Wed and 3-6 Fri. 212 College St. New Haven, CT 06511 pacnewhaven.tumblr.com

Center Street Free Space – Milwaukee, WI

A new anti-authoritarian/anarchist social center that hosts meetings, events and shows. 703 Center Street, Milwaukee, WI 53212 centerstreetreespace.noblogs.org

People's Books Cooperative – Milwaukee, WI

A cooperative bookstore that hosts events. 804 E. Center St. Milwaukee, WI, 53212 414-962-0575 www.peoplesbookscoop.org



UCSD Student Food Co-op – La Jolla, CA

A 35-year old non-hierarchical, student-run, anti-authoritarian food co-op on the University of California San Diego campus. The address is the same as Che Cafe and Groundwork Books. 9500 Gilman Dr. #0323 La Jolla, CA 92093 858-546-8339

Land of Plenty – Akron, OH

An art gallery and metaphysical store with connections to local radical activities. 339 W. Market St. Akron, OH 44303 330-703-5633 landofplentyakron.com

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Utopia - La Esperanza, Honduras

Center of meetings and friendship. They host classes, meetings and events and have bunk beds to host visitors. From exit sign to siguatepeque, follow dirt road east 1.5km. Its on the left with a radio tower. copinh.org

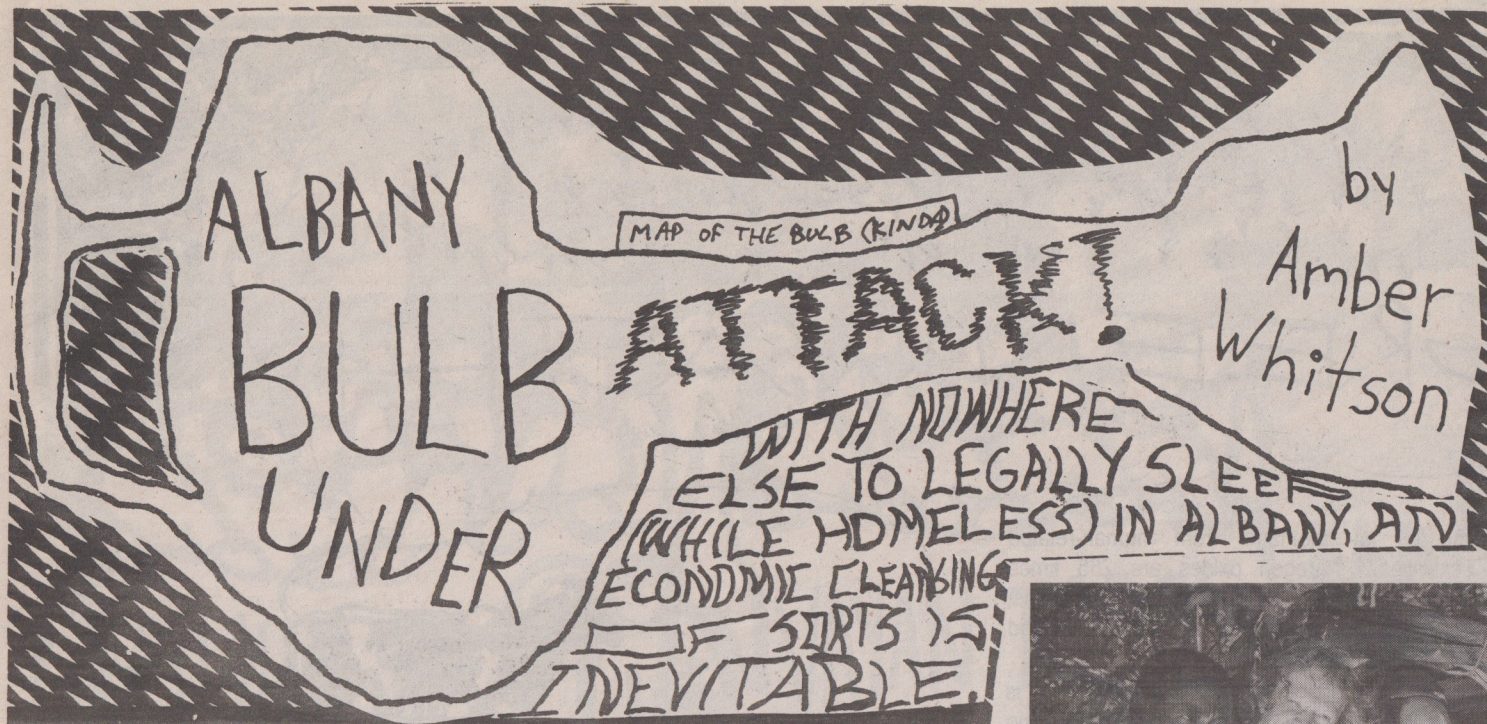
Many Colombian Radical spaces:

• **Rojinegro Distribuidora Libertaria - Bogotá, Colombia** cra. 19 # 43-25 Bogotá, Colombia Tel. 245 3623 distribuidorarojinegro.blogspot.com

• **Librería Valija de Fuego -Bogotá, Colombia** Calle 45 No 20-45 Bogotá, Colombia Tel: 338 2065 - 312 3971982 libreriaavallijadefuego.blogspot.com/

• **Café Teatro Kussi-huayra - Santander, Colombia** Carrera 9 No. 9-15, Piedecuesta, Santander, Colombia Tel: 316 5854445 escuelaMariogonzalez.blogspot.com

• **Centro Social y Cultural Libertario - Medellín, Colombia** Calle 46 Maturin No. 40-8 Medellín / Planeta tierra Tel: 239 40 69 centrosocialculturalibertario.wordpress



So, it has all come down to this. Twenty years of human habitation, wild art, wildflowers, wildlife, wild lives... All set to come to an end, in a flurry of bulldozers and dirt.

In the early, and mid-1900's, the Albany, California Waterfront (along with most of the East Bay shoreline) was a dump, literally. The Albany Landfill was the final resting place for everything from slag (a rock-like byproduct from milling steel), to household trash (I have friends who remember going to the dump with their parents), to debris from the demolition of everything that was in the way when BART was constructed (the original Richmond City Hall, houses, businesses, etc.) The Albany Landfill was created, as a result of that dumping. Twenty years of litigation by various environmental groups finally resulted in the closure of the Albany dump, in 1983.

30 years after local environmental advocates stopped the waters off the Albany Coast from being further filled with trash, the old Albany Landfill is a year-round pitstop for nomadic critters; an endlessly evolving gallery of Found-Object Art; and home to (at last count) 64 people, who otherwise have

In 1993, local police started actually "telling" Albany's homeless citizens, to go live at "the Landfill". Then, in 1999, they threw the previously-homeless Albany Bulb residents, back out into the streets. The City of Albany spent money on a dog and pony show of "service organizations"; and put an ordinance on the books (which outlawed, among other things, "loitering" in Albany Parks and Open Spaces), in an attempt to essentially stop homeless individuals from being able to live in their town. Somewhere around the year 2000 (roughly), Albany told their Police to NOT enforce the camping ordinance.

So, not long after the '99 eviction, people who were homeless in the area, were again, told to go stay at the Albany Bulb. Since then, those living on the Albany Bulb have done so without fear of the police harassment that others endure in nearby Berkeley, being inflicted upon them, just for being homeless.

Since this country's economy started to "really" tank, and the number of people living on the streets in America has increased, so too has the number of otherwise-homeless individuals, who have (for lack of anywhere

camping ordinance, starting in October.

With nowhere else to legally sleep (while homeless), within the City of Albany, an economic cleansing* of sorts, is inevitable. "Economic cleansing" is similar to ethnic cleansing, but is instead done to an economic minority (poor people), as opposed to an ethnic minority.

The goal that the City of Albany is ultimately trying to achieve, is to hand the Albany Bulb over to the State, for the purpose of becoming part of the McLaughlin Eastshore State Park.

However, the transfer of the Bulb to the State, will mean something far more devastating than just 60 or so people becoming "re-homeless"...

From the Eastshore State Park General Plan: "Consistent with the Eastshore park



Photo by Root Barrett

All these years, alongside those who live here, there are those who visit the Landfill, and enjoy this land for its recreational value. They hike, they walk their dogs, and 99% of them will tell you that the people who profess to be scared of the homeless who live on the Bulb, are being ridiculous.

That's right, they're

project's cultural resource guidelines, the practice and products associated with unauthorized artistic expression (e.g., installations, structures, paintings, etc.) on the Albany Bulb will be reviewed in accordance with State Parks' systemwide (sic) cultural resource procedures prior to their removal."

East Bay Regional Park District's definition of a "cultural resource": "Cultural resources include archaeological, historical, and

In the early, and mid-1900's, the Albany, California Waterfront (along with most of the East Bay shoreline) was a dump, literally. The Albany Landfill was the final resting place for everything from slag (a rock-like byproduct from milling steel), to household trash (I have friends who remember going to the dump with their parents), to debris from the demolition of everything that was in the way when BART was constructed (the original Richmond City Hall, houses, businesses, etc.) The Albany Landfill was created, as a result of that dumping. Twenty years of litigation by various environmental groups finally resulted in the closure of the Albany dump, in 1983.

30 years after local environmental advocates stopped the waters off the Albany Coast from being further filled with trash, the old Albany Landfill is a year-round pitstop for nomadic critters; an endlessly evolving gallery of Found-Object Art; and home to (at last count) 64 people, who otherwise have nowhere else to live.

Photograph by Brooke Porter



back out into the streets. The City of Albany spent money on a dog and pony show of "service organizations"; and put an ordinance on the books (which outlawed, among other things, "loitering" in Albany Parks and Open Spaces), in an attempt to essentially stop homeless individuals from being able to live in their town. Somewhere around the year 2000 (roughly), Albany told their Police to NOT enforce the camping ordinance.

So, not long after the '99 eviction, people who were homeless in the area, were again, told to go stay at the Albany Bulb. Since then, those living on the Albany Bulb have done so without fear of the police harassment that others endure in nearby Berkeley, being inflicted upon them, just for being homeless.

Since this country's economy started to *really* tank, and the number of people living on the streets in America has increased, so too has the number of otherwise-homeless individuals, who have (for lack of anywhere else to live) found and made a Home for themselves, on the Albany Bulb.



Photo by Root Barrett

All these years, alongside those who live here, there are those who visit the Landfill, and enjoy this land for its recreational value. They hike, they walk their dogs, and 99% of them will tell you that the people who profess to be scared of the homeless who live on the Bulb, are being ridiculous.

That's right, they're coming for the art and they've already started.

With all of Albany's homeless safely quarantined on the Albany Bulb, the City has seen no need to build (or even properly zone part of their town for) a homeless shelter. Albany has only 15 units of low income housing (the Creekside Apartments complex, at 1155 San Pablo Ave.) in the entire city. The City of Albany has never spent any of the funds that it receives from the government, which other cities commonly spend on their *own* homeless, on anything that has actually helped any homeless citizens. Ever.

Yet, in May of this year, a handful of right-wing recreationalists (mostly representatives of Citizens for East Shore Parks) wormed their way into the ears of the Albany City Council. And, in a unanimous decision, the Council voted to spend *more* money, on yet *another* dog and pony show, to be followed up by the "resumption" of enforcement of the

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East Bay Regional Park District's definition of a "cultural resource": "Cultural resources include archaeological, historical, and scientifically valuable sites, areas, and objects." To the Parks District, as well as to Albany, any art that is not officially commissioned is unauthorized.

That's right. They're coming for the art. And, they've already started. So far, they have only removed the Art that was on/near the Plateau. But, that's merely the first few millimeters of their descent down the slippery slope of gentrification.

First, the Art and the Community of Bulb-dwellers... then, off-leash dogs... then...

If you support the right of *all people* to Share the Bulb:

1. Check out sharethebulb.org
2. Write to Albany City Hall at cityhall@albanyca.org, or
3. Go visit the Albany Bulb: At 1 Buchanan Street Extension in Albany, California, on the Albany Waterfront. Come see for yourself, we don't bite. We just want to Share the Bulb... without being forced (back) into homelessness, first.

Stop Hobophobia. Share the Bulb

an INVITATION

(YR INVITED!)

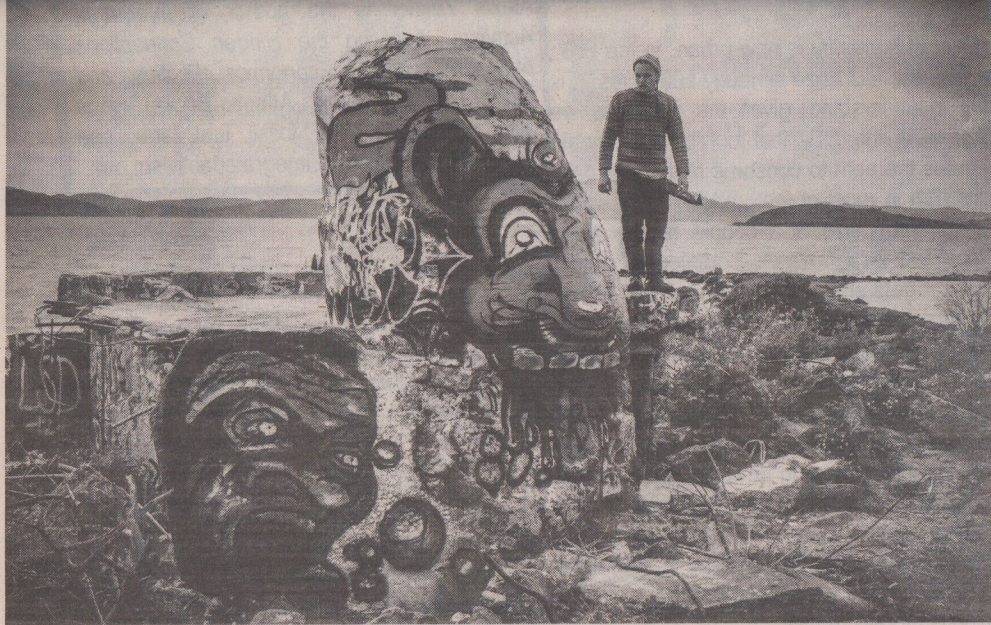


By TRS

When I moved to San Francisco in 2010, I soon faced an all too common situation; getting on my feet while trying to house and feed myself and struggling to do so. I was referred to a newly established urban

On January 1st, 2014, The Free Farm will be evicted and eventually razed to raise a new apartment tower. It will join Esperanza Gardens and the Hayes Valley Farm/Gezi Gardens as the third public garden evicted in the city in 2013 and on an ever-growing list of victims of the gentrification and urbanization of

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On Jan. 1st 2014, The Free Farm Will Be Evicted And Eventually Razed

We are trying to increase participation and general support for The Free Farm in the final three months before our eviction. It is an amazing space and I wish to cordially invite the global readership of Slingshot to visit and enjoy the space while it is still open and in its current form. If you are found in Northern California and your house or space could use plants, soil, containers, etc., we are looking to distribute as much material as possible to our neighbors.

Public volunteer days are every Wednesday and Saturday 10am-2pm, with a free delicious vegan lunch served at noon. Additionally, the produce from The Farm is distributed onsite every Saturday at 1 pm.

an INVITATION
(YR INVITED!)



from the
FREE FARM

By TRS

When I moved to San Francisco in 2010, I soon faced an all too common situation; getting on my feet while trying to house and feed myself and struggling to do so. I was referred to a newly established urban agriculture project within walking distance of my studio in the Tenderloin, The Free Farm. I discovered not only a means through which I could help grow my own food but also an incredible project that created a community resource and truly served egalitarian purposes. Almost four years later, I am still getting my hands dirty.

The Free Farm is located on the corner of Gough and Eddy St. near the Civic Center. It is a 1/3-acre lot located in the foundation of an old church, which is communally worked by volunteers. The space serves many functions but the guiding principles of the project are to grow food for equitable distribution and empower others to grow food, even with limited space.

GREENWASH

by Alexis Zeigler

A friend of mine in New York City recently told me that she eats grass-fed beef because cows are a critical part of any sustainable farming operation. Another friend of mine in Portland told me that he eats chickens that eat only grass. And on yet another occasion, a local developer -- a portly, jovial, and very wealthy fellow who I had been organizing against -- told me in one of our verbal jousts "I am an environmentalist. I grow grass-fed beef!"

For the record, cows do not create nutrients. Cow manure is good fertilizer, but any sustainable farm can get by just fine with other methods of fertilizing the soil. Green manuring and the use of nitrogen-fixing plants, as well as the direct application of mineral supplements, cover all of the plant nutrients that would otherwise be provided by manure. Such are staple practices of modern organic farming. As for chickens, they do not digest grass. They are pretty happy about the bugs they find in the grass, but "pastured" chickens (or pigs) have to be fed grain or they would starve.

By any reasonable measure, Americans eat too much meat and other animal products. Much attention was brought to the issue of factory farming of animals in the 1980s and 1990s. Vegetarianism grew rapidly for a while. By the 2000s, a backlash had formed under the banner of various food ideologies (Atkins, South Beach, Paleo, Nourishing Traditions) that promote the idea that you have to eat meat because it contains certain nutrients that

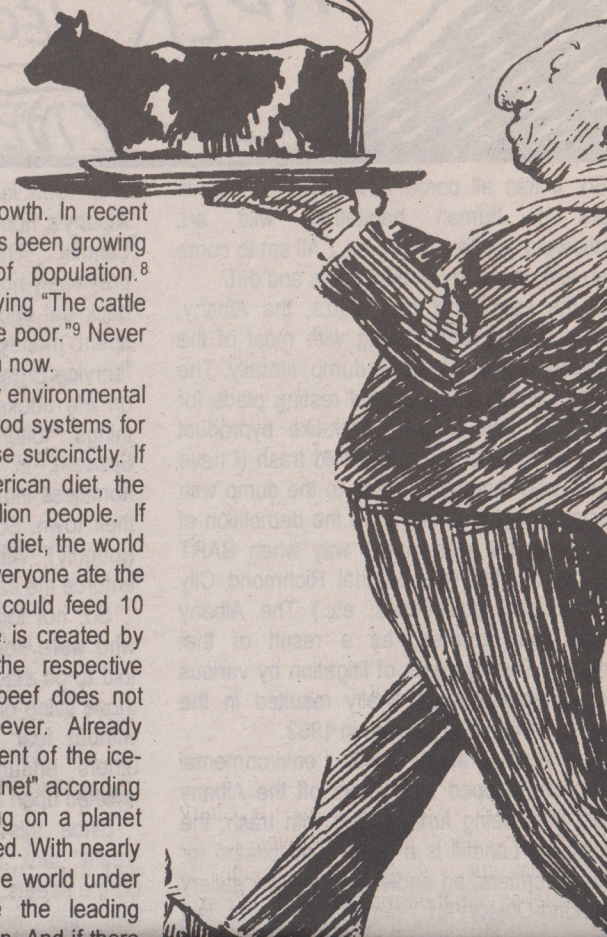
source of methane from human-related activities.⁴ Nitrogen oxides are 265 times more potent than CO₂ as a greenhouse gas, and cattle create 65% of human related nitrogen oxides globally.⁵

When plants decay naturally, their carbon is released back into the atmosphere and some is also trapped in the soil. When those same plants are eaten by human-propagated ruminants, then some of that carbon becomes methane, and the global warming impact is greatly increased. According to recent studies, grassfed beef have a greater impact on global warming than do feedlot beef because of methane.¹ (Feedlots are an enormous environmental problem as well, and a grave ethical concern.) A recent UN study that says the modern agricultural sector contributes more to global warming than transportation. The bottom line is that, because of methane and nitrogen oxides, modern agriculture contributes more to climate change than all of the ships, trucks, cars, trains and buses on Earth.⁷

Even though extensive efforts have been made in recent years to control methane leakage from landfills and natural gas wells, atmospheric methane levels have started rising alarmingly in the last few years. It may be that climate change has already put in place a positive feedback loop whereby warmer temperatures cause the release of

impact of human population growth. In recent decades, meat consumption has been growing globally at twice the rate of population.⁸ Gandhi has been quoted as saying "The cattle of the rich steal the bread of the poor."⁹ Never could that be more relevant than now.

Lester Brown is a now elderly environmental writer who has studied global food systems for many years. He states the case succinctly. If everyone ate the average American diet, the world could only feed 2.5 billion people. If everyone ate the average Italian diet, the world could feed 5 billion people. If everyone ate the average Indian diet, the world could feed 10 billion people.¹⁰ The difference is created by how much animal products the respective cultures consume. Grass fed beef does not change that equation whatsoever. Already grazing land occupies "30 percent of the ice-free terrestrial surface on the planet" according to the UN FAO.¹¹ We are living on a planet that is already very heavily grazed. With nearly a third of the land surface of the world under hoof, domestic ruminants are the leading cause of global species extinction. And if there



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Some would argue that meat is necessary to provide specific nutrients that are critical to human health. Nutritional science is a complex business riddled with ideological overlays. Health arguments based on one or two nutrients just don't make sense. The bottom line is that after the vegetarians have argued about too much fat and the meat eaters too little, vegetarians or vegans who eat little or no animal products have similar lifespans to people who eat modest amounts of animal products.¹ The wealthy who eat meat daily and

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In the U.S., the three leading causes of death -- heart attack, stroke, and cancer -- are very strongly correlated with high animal product intake. While we gorge ourselves and destroy the global environment in the process, the rest of the world is stratifying into an overfed class who eat too much meat and a growing class of the very hungry who cannot afford food at rising prices. We are well aware of the dire warnings about the environmental

impact of human population growth. In recent decades, meat consumption has been growing globally at twice the rate of population.⁸ Gandhi has been quoted as saying "The cattle of the rich steal the bread of the poor."⁹ Never could that be more relevant than now.

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Most of humanity is now urban. In the U.S., the average farm size is nearly 500 acres. It is easy to understand, given the privileges we possess in the US, that our citizens would presume the right to consume meat on a daily basis. But in most of the 'undeveloped' world, average farm size is a couple tenths of an acre. Food is a "fungible commodity," which means it gets shipped all over the world. The US is the leading exporter of grain, which poor people all over the world purchase. Few people are aware that the U.S. is also the leading **importer** of food.¹² We export grain. We import meat, fruit, and vegetables, and use our superior purchasing power to eat the most expensive food from all over the world. If one espouses selling pastured meats beyond the gates of farm, then I would argue that a failure to be aware of ones relations as a global citizen is morally remiss.

Is the local food movement the foundation of a modern renaissance that empowers ordinary

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1 <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vegetarianism>

2 Robbins, John, *Healthy at 100: The Scientifically Proven Secrets of the World's Healthiest and Longest-Lived Peoples*, Bllantine Books, NY, 2007

3 Pearce, Fred, *With Speed and Violence: Why Scientists Fear Tipping Points in Climate Change*, Beacon Press, Boston, 2007, p.78

4 See the EPA's summary of Ruminant Livestock, available at: www.epa.gov/methane/rlep/index.html

5 "Rearing cattle produces more greenhouse gases than driving cars, UN report warns," www.un.org/apps/news/story.asp?newsID=20772&CR1=warning

6 "Grass-Fed Beef Has Bigger Carbon Footprint," Jessica Marshall, Discovery News, news.discovery.com/earth/grass-fed-beef-grain.html



A viable local farm movement cannot be built on selling grassfed meat to the rich.

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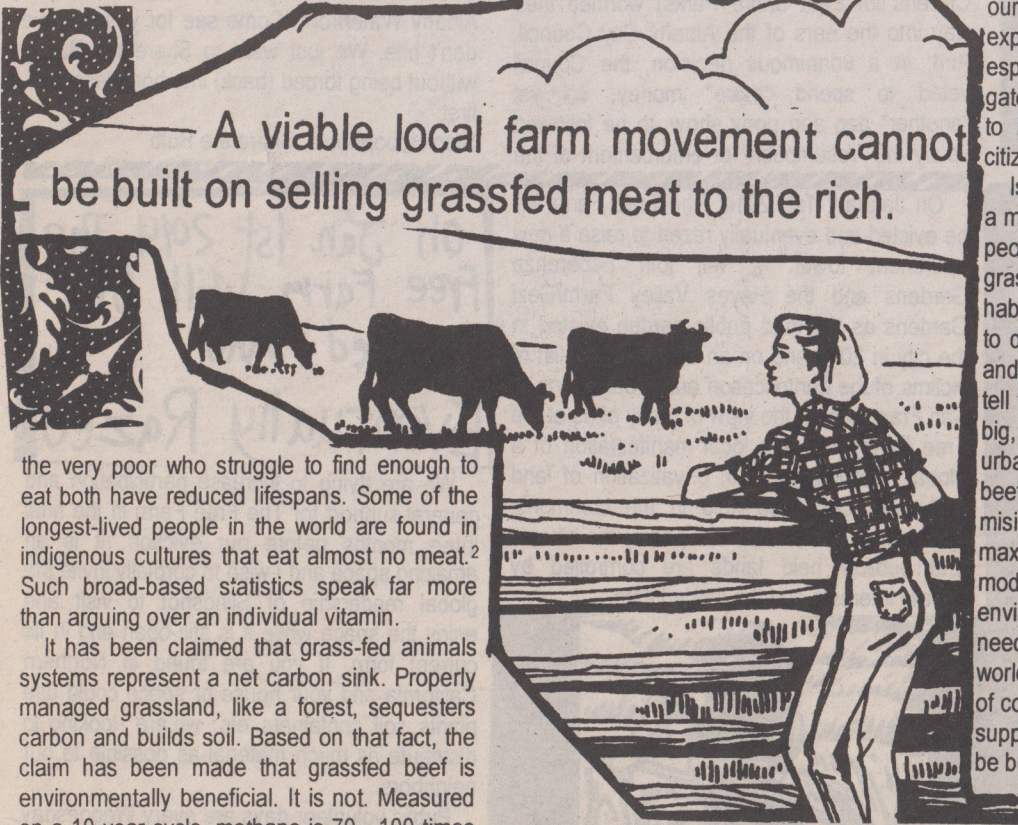
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Is the local food movement the foundation of a modern renaissance that empowers ordinary people, or is it destined to serve primarily as grassfed greenwash for the most destructive habits of the wealthy? Many Americans want to drive cars, live in spacious private houses, and eat meat daily, and they want someone to tell them that is okay. The world is now full of big, crowded cities. To imagine that those urban populations can be fed with grass-fed beef is both factually wrong and morally misinformed. Capitalism has driven farmers to maximize profit at all costs, and stripped modern agriculture all humanistic or environmental sympathies. We desperately need a viable local farm movement all over the world to counteract the fascistic consolidation of corporate power that is taking over our food supply. A viable local farm movement cannot be built on selling grassfed meat to the rich.

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- 4 See the EPA's summary of Ruminant Livestock, available at: www.epa.gov/methane/rlep/index.html
- 5 "Rearing cattle produces more greenhouse gases than driving cars, UN report warns," www.un.org/apps/news/story.asp?newsID=20772&CR1=warning
- 6 "Grass-Fed Beef Has Bigger Carbon Footprint," Jessica Marshall, Discovery News, news.discovery.com/earth/grass-fed-beef-grain.html
- 7 "Livestock impacts on the environment," Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, Agriculture and Consumer Protection Department: ftp.fao.org/docrep/fao/010/a0701e/a0701e00.pdf;w www.fao.org/ag/magazine/0612sp1.htm
- 8 Brown, Lester, *Plan B 2.0: Rescuing a Planet Under Stress and a Civilization in Trouble*, Norton, NY NY, 2006, p.176
- 9 <http://drfoxvet.com/library/info/the-carnivores-revenge>
- 10 Brown, Lester, *Plan B 2.0: Rescuing a Planet Under Stress and a Civilization in Trouble*, Norton, NY NY, 2006, p.177
- 11 'Livestock' Long Shadow, Environmental Issues and Options, UN Food and Agriculture Organization, LEAD Initiative, 2006, p.4
- 12 *The State of Food and Agriculture 2006*, Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, Rome, 2006

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the very poor who struggle to find enough to eat both have reduced lifespans. Some of the longest-lived people in the world are found in indigenous cultures that eat almost no meat.² Such broad-based statistics speak far more than arguing over an individual vitamin.

It has been claimed that grass-fed animals systems represent a net carbon sink. Properly managed grassland, like a forest, sequesters carbon and builds soil. Based on that fact, the claim has been made that grassfed beef is environmentally beneficial. It is not. Measured on a 10 year cycle, methane is 70 - 100 times more potent than CO₂ as a greenhouse gas.³ Measured on a 100 year cycle, methane is 20 times more potent than CO₂. According to the EPA, "Globally, livestock are the largest

there is NO HATE IN NATURE

By Mike Egaceros

We live in a rural area. It is not uncommon for a group of people to raise animals to help feed their loved ones. Additionally, many have giant gardens, which they tend throughout the spring and summer months. These people know that they must feed the soil by returning last year's plants to the ground to make it rich and giving. Some of us collect fruit by the bucketloads from the thorny Himalayan blackberry thickets that line the creeks. Much of the sustenance we receive comes to us in this manner. Though we don't own a large parcel of land, we manage to raise or collect or trade quite a bit of our food. I've been making more of an effort to be observant when I'm outdoors. Recently, I've been thinking about parasite/host relationships in the natural world. I've been noticing these relationships spinning all around me. Is the Himalayan blackberry parasite or a host? The Pacific Towhee flies her load of blackberry seed for miles in every direction — is she a parasite or a host? Or perhaps she is a messenger? In truth, she fills all of these roles wondrously. The profound significance of these relationships first came to me when I attempted to raise honeybees without administering the recommended chemical medications into my beehives.

I wanted to taste some local honey, but found that much of the domestic honey for sale was very likely contaminated with toxic chemicals like fluvalinate or fenpyroximate. It's a well-kept secret among bee-keepers, who feel forced by necessity to use these and other pesticides. I learned that virtually every beekeeper in the western world uses a battery of toxic chemicals inside their beehives— just to keep it from succumbing to a onslaught of pests. Chief among their maladies is the Varroa mite, a parasite that has jumped over to

something like an oscillating, reciprocating ring of relations. The idea that there is inherent competition and cruelty in these natural relationships is misleading because such an observation is founded on the premise that life itself mirrors human hierarchies and modern human cruelties. The idea here is that the host is solely a victim and the parasite gives no benefit; an invasive species, a freeloader. This is a simplistic misinterpretation and is simply

spent hours in silence or quietly chatting or humming or listening to the birds, as the buckets were filled and loaded into the car. We observed other things about our relationship with these pigs. When I scratched their backs they slumped onto their sides and looked me directly in the eye. These are not unintelligent beasts and they are not pets either. They are something entirely different. Something is passed between us. I decided to begin

says that he thanks the animal because it allowed him a shot. The animal does this out of a sense of sacrifice and generosity. I don't believe the hunters loathe the animals for whom they purify themselves and whom they wait for. That makes no sense at all and I don't believe that those practices are mere superstition, either. It is a matter of intention and respectful relationship. Oddly, traditional hunting is often described, by its practitioners as an act of giving rather than a taking. Traditional food collectors talk of success in terms of the great conversations and songs that take place. Relations to others appear to be more important than any other consideration. Even more important than modern notions of efficient food production.

When my friend tells me earnestly that killing is bad, I ask him if dying is equally bad? He says it's not the same thing — not at all. He is a good friend, so I drop my arms to my sides and I resolve to listen to his ideas. Killing for food is totally repugnant; a relic of our distant, savage past. My friend says that there is better food for humans; that there is no longer any reason to maintain such barbarity. When he finishes telling me his news, I ask him about what food he thinks humans evolved to eat and I ask him about his relationship with the GMO seed companies. He says the concept of evolution is a Victorian construct; a patriarchal mind trick and he says he doesn't care about those companies and has no such relations. I ask him about his relationships with Monsanto and the soy milk plant pumping out pale liquid protein in faraway Iowa. He says he hates them or that he doesn't want to think about them. He tells me that someday people like he and I will smash those evils and put the factories to the torch. I agree but I still want to know why he thinks raising two pigs, under the apple trees is

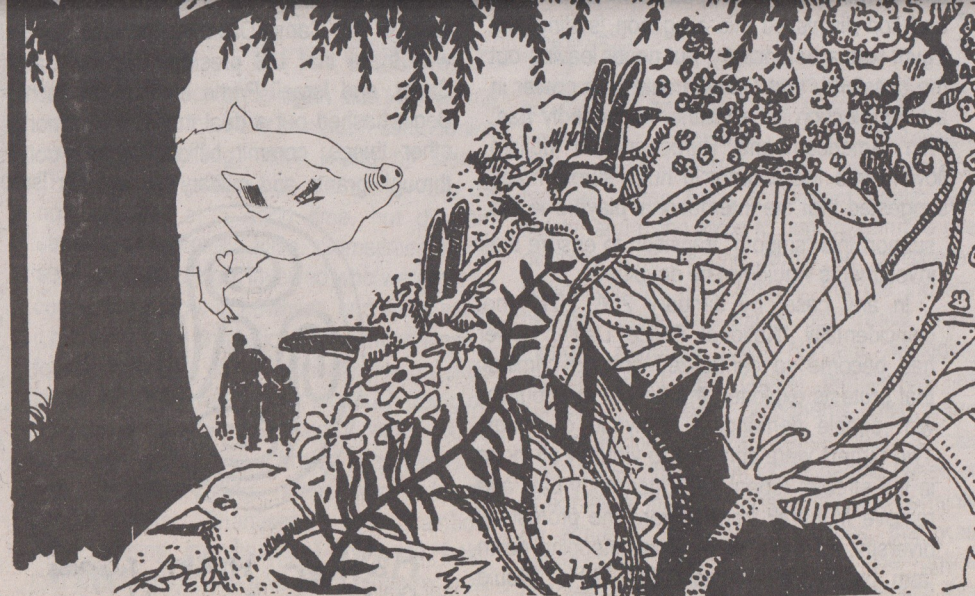


not true. I do not believe that coyotes hate ground squirrels when they cull from their population. I don't think bacteria and tree roots

speaking to them. The smaller of the two of them let out a small slurping grunt whenever she saw me walk into their area and heard my

noticing these relationships spinning all around me. Is the Himalayan blackberry parasite or a host? The Pacific Towhee flies her load of blackberry seed for miles in every direction — is she a parasite or a host? Or perhaps she is a messenger? In truth, she fills all of these roles wondrously. The profound significance of these relationships first came to me when I attempted to raise honeybees without administering the recommended chemical medications into my beehives.

I wanted to taste some local honey, but found that much of the domestic honey for sale was very likely contaminated with toxic chemicals like fluralinate or fenpyroximate. It's a well-kept secret among bee-keepers, who feel forced by necessity to use these and other pesticides. I learned that virtually every beekeeper in the western world uses a battery of toxic chemicals inside their beehives— just to keep it from succumbing to a onslaught of pests. Chief among their maladies is the Varroa mite, a parasite that has jumped over to honeybees from another insect host. That host has evolved some kind of detente with the mites during the hundreds of generations that they have lived together in Asia. As a host, it provides sustenance to the parasite. The host receives some sort of benefit that science does not yet understand. Developing a mutually beneficial relationship: these things take time to evolve. The honeybee does not yet have a healthy relationship of this kind with the mite. It is a relationship out of balance. The mite population runs unchecked and within a season or two virtually every untreated beehive dwindles and dies. The parasite is not an enemy to the host — in fact often, when the host dies, the parasite also perishes. Both parties actively seek an equilibrium. Arrangements and accommodations must be made between the host and the parasite. Only time can aid in this evolutionary process. Sometimes it takes decades. Sometimes centuries. They generally work things out, given enough time. In the case of the European honeybee, it appears that they can no longer survive without chemical intervention. However, it is the chemical intervention itself that is interfering and thus preventing a healthy relationship from forming. Generations of pesticide resistant mites are born to feed on generations of weakened hives. Only the chemical pesticide companies seem to benefit.



not true. I do not believe that coyotes hate ground squirrels when they cull from their population. I don't think bacteria and tree roots will hate me when they digest my body when it will someday be cooling under the ground. In truth there are no hierarchies in the natural world, not really. No such situation exists; it is a cultural projection. There is no antagonism at all and there exists no competition between species. Every single organism is swirling in relation to and reaction to everything else. It is my observation that the great difference in the constructs of human hierarchical civilization and the natural world is in intention. There is no hate in nature.

I did not hate the two pigs my children and I raised and butchered last fall. On the contrary, we collected probably a thousand pounds of acorns from under the valley oaks nearby to bring to them. Relationships formed between the giant valley oak trees, myself and my children as we collected the fallen fruit. They thanked the trees and requested that we plant some of the nuts into the Earth as a manifestation of that gratitude. I agreed. It is an offering, but it is something more than that. It is a reciprocal relationship. The children intuitively responded to the situation. My children, I, the trees and the pigs are in this together. We sat and watched the pigs artfully hull the meaty nuts with their tongues and lips, neatly spitting out the shells to one side. Why would any modern person take the trouble to collect the nuts? I did it for three reasons. First, and most

speaking to them. The smaller of the two of them let out a small slurping grunt whenever she saw me walk into their area and heard my voice. Every evening I sat by them and we watched each other. Growing young pigs seem to be bumptious, gregarious beings. Cautious yet friendly. Physically strong and curiously forceful. They seem so full of life. Writing about them now brings back clear memories from the morning of the kill day.

The idea that there is inherent competition and cruelty in these natural relationships is misleading because such an observation is founded on the premise that life itself mirrors human hierarchies and modern human cruelties.

When the time comes to kill and butcher the pigs, we do not recoil but we are resigned, respectful and quiet. I am avoiding becoming maudlin as I open the door of the barn. I speak to the pigs. I tell them that they are part of us and their flesh will nurture us through the cold months and into the following summer. I thank them. The entire time I have known them, I have been honest and I often have talked about what will happen. In the quiet early

is bad, I ask him if dying is equally bad? He says it's not the same thing — not at all. He is a good friend, so I drop my arms to my sides and I resolve to listen to his ideas. Killing for food is totally repugnant; a relic of our distant, savage past. My friend says that there is better food for humans; that there is no longer any reason to maintain such barbarity. When he finishes telling me his news, I ask him about what food he thinks humans evolved to eat and I ask him about his relationship with the GMO seed companies. He says the concept of evolution is a Victorian construct; a patriarchal mind trick and he says he doesn't care about those companies and has no such relations. I ask him about his relationships with Monsanto and the soy milk plant pumping out pale liquid protein in faraway Iowa. He says he hates them or that he doesn't want to think about them. He tells me that someday people like he and I will smash those evils and put the factories to the torch. I agree but I still want to know why he thinks raising two pigs, under the apple trees is barbarous and repugnant. He repeats that killing, for any reason is bad. I want to know if shipping GMO tainted tofu created purely for profit, from across the planet is more humane than food produced by my friends, in intimate, unmediated, autonomous relation. But I like my

friend, so I put my hand on his breast and I merely reply, it's cool.

My partner cooks us a meal. She has the radio on low. Neil Young is singing about Cortez. She is focused and uses the knife deftly as she trims the excess fat off the cuts. She will render all of it down into a pure, clear cooking oil. She is careful not to spill a drop of what she has called, "precious acorn fat". She tells me over her glass of wine that there's

provides sustenance to the parasite. The host receives some sort of benefit that science does not yet understand. Developing a mutually beneficial relationship: these things take time to evolve. The honeybee does not yet have a healthy relationship of this kind with the mite. It is a relationship out of balance. The mite population runs unchecked and within a season or two virtually every untreated beehive dwindles and dies. The parasite is not an enemy to the host — in fact often, when the host dies, the parasite also perishes. Both parties actively seek an equilibrium. Arrangements and accommodations must be made between the host and the parasite. Only time can aid in this evolutionary process. Sometimes it takes decades. Sometimes centuries. They generally work things out, given enough time. In the case of the European honeybee, it appears that they can no longer survive without chemical intervention. However, it is the chemical intervention itself that is interfering and thus preventing a healthy relationship from forming. Generations of pesticide resistant mites are born to feed on generations of weakened hives. Only the chemical pesticide companies seem to benefit.

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Honeybees are doomed because of an abusive relationship. Left alone the thousands of hives might select toward a positive relationship with the parasite.

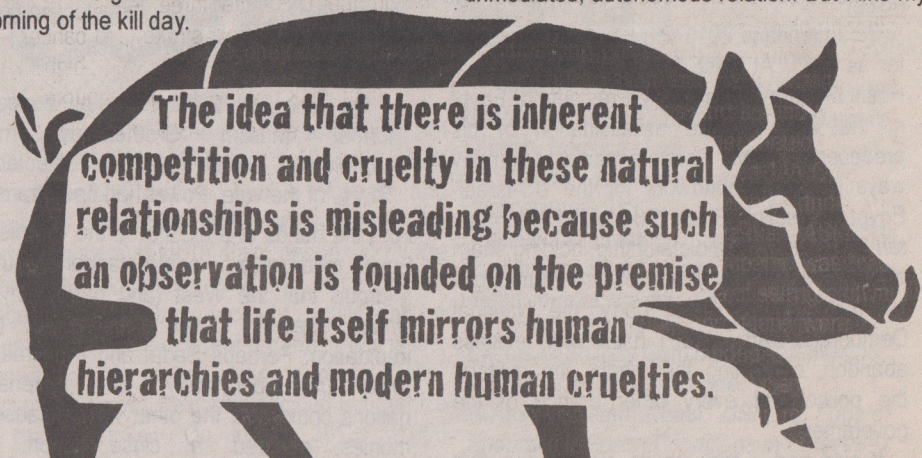
I've been noticing positive relationships of this type all around me. It would appear that such arrangements are ubiquitous in the natural world. Every organism is both a parasite as well as a host; everything consumes the other and is consumed by the other. Rather than the tower-like hierarchy we heard described in our state funded biology classes, it is a hoop. The natural world is

cultural projection. There is no antagonism at all and there exists no competition between species. Every single organism is swirling in relation to and reaction to everything else. It is my observation that the great difference in the constructs of human hierarchical civilization and the natural world is in intention. There is no hate in nature.

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obviously, I did it to give the creatures the food they desired; so they would get fat. And second because they love to eat acorns; pigs are woodland animals and that is their main staple in the forest and they evolved to eat this food. And third, my children and I crawled around and collected the ten thousand or so acorns because we have had a positive relationship with the pigs. As I knelt there, in the sharp and spiny fallen leaves filling plastic buckets, I noticed that I was able to spend a great deal of time getting to know my children; their minds are so fine and far-ranging, so excellent. We

forceful. They seem so full of life. Writing about them now brings back clear memories from the morning of the kill day.



The idea that there is inherent competition and cruelty in these natural relationships is misleading because such an observation is founded on the premise that life itself mirrors human hierarchies and modern human cruelties.

When the time comes to kill and butcher the pigs, we do not recoil but we are resigned, respectful and quiet. I am avoiding becoming maudlin as I open the door of the barn. I speak to the pigs. I tell them that they are part of us and their flesh will nurture us through the cold months and into the following summer. I thank them. The entire time I have known them, I have been honest and I often have talked about what will happen. In the quiet early morning, I walk up to the 250 pound pig and place the muzzle of the .22 rifle to his forehead just above the right eye. He is contented and curious. I fire the shot and he slumps down and lays on his side, his life is going away now. I must be quick and neat as I cut the carotid artery to drain the blood from him quickly. A few kicks of his feet and now he is dead. I am not sad because this is not the time for such thoughts. I do not glower in misplaced triumph. There is no economy in this and there is no victory here — no glory, not a bit of it — only utility. The being is no longer present — only food and we are. After all, every one of us is food for something. And all of us must eat.

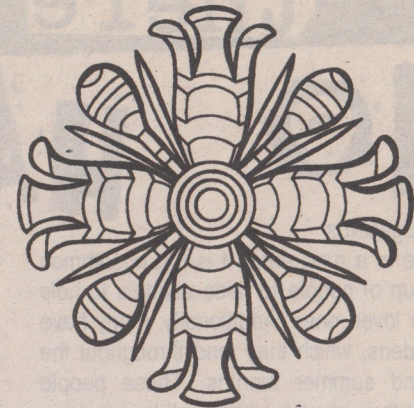
I've been thinking about traditional hunters, who I've read thank the Mother of the animals. They show her their gratitude because the hunters must bring home food to their loved ones. They say that the animals willingly give their flesh for a family's sustenance. The hunter

friend, so I put my hand on his breast and I merely reply, it's cool.

My partner cooks us a meal. She has the radio on low. Neil Young is singing about Cortez. She is focused and uses the knife deftly as she trims the excess fat off the cuts. She will render all of it down into a pure, clear cooking oil. She is careful not to spill a drop of what she has called, "precious acorn fat". She tells me over her glass of wine that there's something of the sacred in this meat. She tells me about her plans to prepare the different cuts of meat for the ones dear to her. She understands the events that led up to this moment; the intensities of nurturing a life and of taking it, the sacrifices of such acts. The meat is for us but not just us, it will also be prepared for people outside our group too. As she and I chat, she cans the clear, scentless oil in giant, half gallon jars that she stores in the cool of the basement. Some of it she will make into a lavender soap to be given to others in the deepest of winter. They receive the gift and breathe in the flower scent. My partner prepares a meal for us for two reasons that I can discern. First she loves the process of working with pure, significant and sacred ingredients and transforming them through hard work and joy into deliciousness. The second is that she loves us. Every aspect of this life is filled with proximity and purpose.

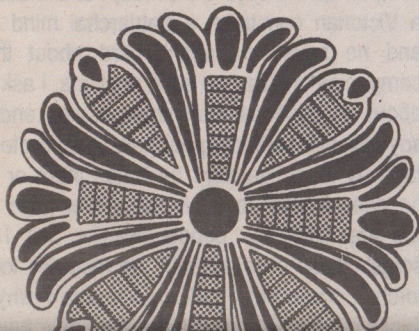
A Problem of Understanding

The Egyptian Revolution 2011-2013



By Aaron Paul

With a situation as complex as the Egyptian Revolution, the tendency might be to throw your hands up in the air and proclaim ignorance. However, that is not good enough for a country and region that is so important not only unto itself, but also in the context of our geopolitical world. It would be simple to proclaim what has happened as just another example of American and Israeli imperialism. While that is certainly a key element, it goes deeper than that, perhaps encapsulated best by two intertwined, but I think still helpful, concepts: Power and Money. Broadly, I will focus the concept of "Power" on the domestic sphere; on who has controlled the country and why. With "Money" I will deal with the international players and how both military and direct monetary aid have dramatically affected the crisis.



Muslim Brotherhood, a socio-political Islamic organization, that was most under the microscope. Perhaps as many as half of those found in Egyptian prisons with no trial at the genesis of the revolution had direct ties to the Brotherhood.

Another element of power which cannot be discounted is that of succession. With Hosni Mubarak aging, rumors persisted from at least 2000 that he was grooming his son Gamal to take power once he stepped down. Both father and son dismissed this allegation, stating that Egypt was a democracy, but never leaving out the possibility that Gamal could take power in a legal election as his father supposedly had. With American and European aid dollars flowing into the country in huge sums, many suggested that the international players would

support this "smooth" transition to ensure their investments would not be devalued.

In any case, by January 25th, 2011 (not coincidentally "National Police Day"), power had become so centralized and so criminal, that protests exploded throughout the country, with people demanding a myriad of things. Two targets were common to virtually all those in the streets: repeal the Emergency Law and remove Mubarak from power. The protestors' diversity, so critical in Mubarak stepping down from power on February 11th, 2011, would soon prove to be a mixed-blessing at best.

Next, an interim government led by Omar Suleiman was nominally in charge, but it was

However, the words "corruption" and "government" nearly always go hand in hand, so who was funding that well-equipped military? Why, it's none other than an organization that would make Mubarak's cronies and their petty corruption blush: the American Government! And why would the US want to support violent, autocratic demagogues like Mubarak and Sadat? "Defense of Israel", of course.

Massive military aid to Egypt dates back at least to the Camp David Accords of 1978. It was there that US president Jimmy Carter, Sadat, and Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin hashed out a deal that would, amongst other things, commit billions of US dollars through grants and military aid to both Israel



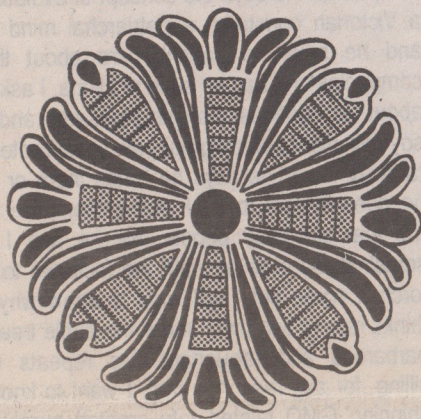
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than happy to both encourage and profit from this arrangement.

After Sadat's death, Mubarak maintained his power, both domestically and internationally, with amazing consistency throughout his rule, but when the protests truly became too vast to ignore in 2011, one of his earlier decisions came back to haunt him. Starting as early as 1982, Mubarak began to give some of the best business contracts to members of the military. He hoped that having the armed forces ensconced in the Egyptian economy would foster loyalty, as they now had a direct relationship with both himself and the stockmarket. This concept worked for nearly 30 years, but when the regime seemed on the verge of collapse, it was revealed where the military's loyalties really lay: their pocketbooks. Rather than support Mubarak in a bloody war against the people, the military recognized (as do all "good" Capitalists) that *stability* is the key to making as much money as possible. Thus, the army could both profit not only from the protests by keeping things "business as usual" in terms of their precious stockholdings, but also play the role of pro-democracy heroes for the international media.

The people were not to be fooled. Even though the military did take control in 2011, they were watched closely by both civilian-groups and the media, and anger quickly turned against them whenever they tried to concentrate power. Crucially, no matter how

our geopolitical world. It would be simple to proclaim what has happened as just another example of American and Israeli imperialism. While that is certainly a key element, it goes deeper than that, perhaps encapsulated best by two intertwined, but I think still helpful, concepts: Power and Money. Broadly, I will focus the concept of "Power" on the domestic sphere; on who has controlled the country and why. With "Money" I will deal with the international players and how both military and direct monetary aid have dramatically affected the crisis.



Power

To understand 2013 you have to go back as far as 1981. At least. It was in that year that Hosni Mubarak became the President of Egypt in the wake of the assassination of his predecessor Anwar Sadat, a man who in many ways lay the groundwork for the US-Israel-Egypt connection. From 1981 to 2011 Mubarak ran the country as a dictatorship, holding sham elections every few years, but truly running a one-party system. That party, the National Democratic Party (NDP) ruled with reckless abandon, controlling the media, the military, the police and every other branch of the government.

It also had a trick up its sleeve, one that takes us back even farther in time to 1967. It was in that year that Egypt first enacted Law No.162 as it found itself engaged in the Six-Day War with Israel. This law, more commonly known as the Emergency Law, allows for the government to extend its powers even further:

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Next, an interim government led by Omar Suleiman was nominally in charge, but it was really the military in control under the guise of the Supreme Council of the Armed Forces (SCAF). In the final days of Mubarak's rule his Security Forces remained loyal, but the armed forces quickly switched sides... more on this later. It was decided that they would control power for six months until an election could be held, but further massive protests sped up the timeline.

On June 21st, 2012 it was announced that former Muslim Brotherhood member Mohammed Morsi had been elected with 51.7% of the vote. Power had been transferred

from the hands of a dictator to the Islamists of Egypt, moderates by some standards, but still a group that the West (and particularly the United States) looked upon with great trepidation. Perhaps Sadat and Mubarak had ruled undemocratically, but imperialistic nations could look the other way because aid monies ensured a close union. The Brotherhood was a different story altogether.

On November 22nd, Morsi issued a decree that immunized his own decision-making, thus widely expanding his powers beyond what was designed by the Egyptian Constitution. People were in the streets once again, and Morsi was forced to back down and repealed the decree

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The people were not to be fooled. Even though the military did take control in 2011, they were watched closely by both civilian-groups and the media, and anger quickly turned against them whenever they tried to concentrate power. Crucially, no matter how much money the businessmen claimed to be making, nor what the GDP figures showed, Egyptian wealth had never spread to the vast majority of citizens. In 2010, 40% of the population was living on less than the equivalent of \$2 US per day. This included massive youth joblessness for a well-educated, but under-employed demographic of both men and women between the ages of 19 and 30. In fact, one of the major demands of the original radical demonstrators was for a new, much higher minimum wage and, maybe even more ambitious, a maximum wage. Funny though, as the various new regimes took power and the other demands for governmental reform were met or at least addressed, the issue of wages has not changed at all since 2011.

Back to where we started: Power and Money. Since this all began in early 2011, at least 846 Egyptian citizens have been killed, 6,000 have been seriously injured, and 90 police stations have burned to the ground. The Egyptian Revolution called for great changes in a variety of sectors and the call was heard throughout the region and the world. The so-called Arab Spring, beginning with the uprising

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master politician in this regard, justifying the law to the international media and the UN in whatever way was suitable at the time: sectarian violence, Communism, Terrorism. He would maintain his power any way he could, and the world either bought it or turned their heads in silence.

By 2010, Mubarak was responsible for imprisoning approximately 10,000 people with no charge. This is one of the main reasons that power began to shift these last few years—as he utilized this law again and again to hang on to control, the circle of people being attacked widened. Individuals in the press, feminists, anti-capitalists and anti-Western thinkers were all targeted. However, above all, it was the

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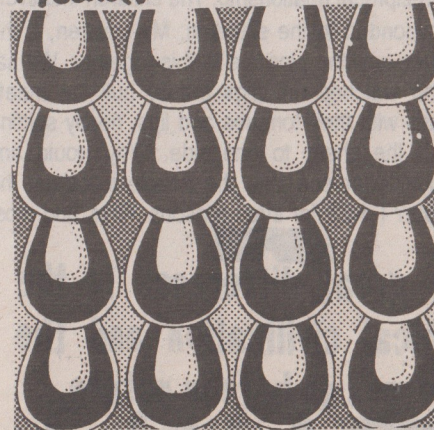
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On November 22nd, Morsi issued a decree that immunized his own decision-making, thus widely expanding his powers beyond what was designed by the Egyptian Constitution. People were in the streets once again, and Morsi was forced to back down and repealed the decree only 16 days later, his hold on the country now shaky. In the end, his rule lasted for almost exactly one year, as protests against his own concentration of power began June 21st, 2013. He was deposed in another military coup on July 3rd and replaced by military commander Abdel Fattah El-Sisi. Once again the army held the reins, but this time power was placed in the hands of the Supreme Court, led by Adly Mansour. As recent massacres of pro-Morsi protestors have shown, it is the US-backed military that continues to run Egypt, whomever gives the speeches and goes on television.

Money

To begin with, Mubarak's Egypt was a wealthy regime, especially for those at the top of the pyramid. Centralizing power does indeed allow for a certain kind of efficiency. With no opposition, many things can be done, and done quickly. Of course, this kind of regime also leads itself to immense amounts of corruption.

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and Egypt. For the next twenty years, continuing unabated as power transferred to Mubarak, Egypt would receive over one billion dollars annually, creating the massive and modern Egyptian military of today. In 2008 alone the US supplied Egypt with more than \$1.5 Billion in foreign and military aid. This is second in the world behind only Israel for dollars received.¹ "Defense of Israel" was oft cited as the reason for this flow of weapons and money, but of course the arms dealers who hold such power in the US were more

majority of citizens. In 2010, 40% of the population was living on less than the equivalent of \$2 US per day. This included massive youth joblessness for a well-educated, but under-employed demographic of both men and women between the ages of 19 and 30. In fact, one of the major demands of the original radical demonstrators was for a new, much higher minimum wage and, maybe even more ambitious, a maximum wage. Funny though, as the various new regimes took power and the other demands for governmental reform were met or at least addressed, the issue of wages has not changed at all since 2011.

Back to where we started: Power and Money. Since this all began in early 2011, at least 846 Egyptian citizens have been killed, 6,000 have been seriously injured, and 90 police stations have burned to the ground. The Egyptian Revolution called for great changes in a variety of sectors and the call was heard throughout the region and the world. The so-called Arab Spring, beginning with the uprising in Tunisia, followed soon after by Egypt, did not happen in isolation. In the subsequent months major rallies were held in Algeria, Syria, Bahrain, Iran amongst others . . . but what has changed? Wealth is still distributed unequally, the army still rules with reckless abandon, and power has not truly been placed in the hands of the Egyptian people. The uprising itself certainly has shown that collective unity can be a powerful force in the modern world, but it has also made clear the limits of that power. An international economic system dependent on oil and/or American money is simply unsustainable for the vast majority of the globe's population, and until that system is fundamentally and collectively addressed, the cries of the protestors will continue to fall on deaf ears.

¹ This does not include Afghanistan (\$8.9B) and Iraq (\$7.5B) which are generally not counted since much of this money filters directly to American troops and corporations.



Stamp Out Privatization: BERKELEY RESIDENTS FIGHT TO SAVE THE POST OFFICE

BY: SANDY & MINDY

You may not know this, but our US postal system is under attack. The 1% are looking to divvy up our postal services and properties so they can make big profits. Bankster-driven bubbles and crashes create government deficits, mass unemployment, foreclosures and debt nightmares for the 99%. Deficits and bankruptcies created by this economic crisis are used by the 1% to demand cuts in government spending and the privatization of public services. Public education, health care, water and power utilities, parks, libraries, highways, military, prisons, and postal systems, are all threatened with conversion to for-profit institutions. Thus in 2006, Congress passed poison pill legislation forcing the United States Postal Service (USPS) to pre-pay 75 years worth of employee health care benefits in advance, over a 10 year period. For 30 years prior, USPS was in the black. But not anymore. After 7 years of forced prepayments there is now a \$16B deficit, \$15B directly caused by this pre-funding requirement.

Now that the postal system has been made "sick" with an engineered deficit, the 1%er management is prescribing cutbacks in services and employees, and the selling off of valuable postal property assets. In 2012, USPS management announced a plan to sell the downtown Berkeley Post Office building on Allston Way. A graceful neoclassical structure built in 1915 and designed by Oscar Wenderoth, The Berkeley Post Office was designated City of Berkeley Landmark #38 in 1980. Its beautiful architecture, New Deal Murals in the lobby and central location make it a casual gathering place and a treasured part of the public commons for the people of Berkeley. A local, Richard Blum, is one of the 1%er vultures circling for privatization prey. Husband of Senator Dianne Feinstein and a UC Regent, Blum is chairman of CBRE, the



for 33 days until Berkeley Police tore out our tents on the night of August 28. Most of the tents and belongings were destroyed or lost. A few items were recovered and now we are filing claims with the City for reimbursement. City officials professed solidarity with our camp even as police harassed and shut us down. So why did they crash us down? Only time will tell, but it seems the usual - destroy the action,

institutions around the globe. And postal systems are profitable privatization targets. Postal privatizations are underway in the UK, the EU, Japan and other nations. Here at home they have been selling off historic downtown Post Office buildings, eliminating mail collection boxes, cutting back staff and services. All justified by an engineered deficit!

Congressman Darrell Issa from Southern California was the author of the poison pill 2006 legislation and has recently proposed the elimination of home delivery of the mail, requiring each of us to daily pick up our own mail. UPS and FedEx desire the postal system package mail, Pitney Bowes desires the distribution business. Commercial businesses won't touch home mail delivery as it the most expensive operation from which they will not be able to profit.

From my perspective, the largest group of losers in this privatization "reform" are prisoners. Over 2 million people are warehoused in prisons/jails and growing numbers of human beings are now being housed in I.C.E. detention facilities, which also face privatization demands. The trend of building more jails in California is on the rise thanks to people like Gov. Jerry Brown who feels that non-violent and aging prisoners just CANNOT be let out to join the greater society. The one form of communication with that outside world for many of the poor people who make up most of those incarcerated, is the US post office (USPS). The cost of a stamp vs the cost of a 15 minute phone call once a week (\$17.00) can be as much as \$16.54. Prison jobs can range from ZERO (GA) to 4.73 a day. You can see how the postal service means a great deal to incarcerated people. The idea of a privatized postal service would mean a great deal of economic hardship on those incarcerated far away from family and friends.

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in advance, over a 10 year period. 30 years prior, USPS was in the black. But not anymore. After 7 years of forced prepayments there is now a \$16B deficit, \$15B directly caused by this pre-funding requirement.

Now that the postal system has been made "sick" with an engineered deficit, the 1%er management is prescribing cutbacks in services and employees, and the selling off of valuable postal property assets. In 2012, USPS management announced a plan to sell the downtown Berkeley Post Office building on Allston Way. A graceful neoclassical structure built in 1915 and designed by Oscar Wenderoth, The Berkeley Post Office was designated City of Berkeley Landmark #38 in 1980. Its beautiful architecture, New Deal Murals in the lobby and central location make it a casual gathering place and a treasured part of the public commons for the people of Berkeley. A local, Richard Blum, is one of the 1%er vultures circling for privatization prey. Husband of Senator Dianne Feinstein and a UC Regent, Blum is chairman of CBRE, the international real estate firm given an exclusive contract to sell off USPS buildings. In a recent interview with Peter Byrne, author of "Going Postal" an exposé of Blum and CBRE's profiteering at the expense of USPS; he disclosed that their business practices have lost the postal system multi-billions of dollars of assessed value and inordinately benefited customers of CBRE.

Even though the City government officials and citizens opposed the sale of the building, USPS management moved forward as if providing service to the people was secondary. So many of us in the East Bay organized independently and later as Save the Berkeley Post Office, Strike Debt Bay Area and Berkeley Post Office Defense to occupy the grand steps of the post office with tents, literature and food tables on July 27, 2013. We protested the sale of the historic building, the potential privatization of our postal system and the destruction of our commons. We had banners, signs and loads of information to pass on to the public as we occupied. There were as many as 24 campers and a dozen tents at one time, some just slept in sleeping bags. The camp bravely remained there 24/

for 33 days until Berkeley Police tore out our tents on the night of August 28. Most of the tents and belongings were destroyed or lost. A few items were recovered and now we are filing claims with the City for reimbursement. City officials professed solidarity with our camp even as police harassed and shut us down. So why did they crash us down? Only time will tell, but it seems the usual - destroy the action, claim ignorance, wait to be sued, pay the tab, then repeat. During the encampment we made the issue of privatization and the selling off of our commons into an item for discussion across the nation. Even the New York Times and Washington Post published an article on the Berkeley Post Office occupation.

If we look back in history, our postal system existed before 1776 and was the first iconic presence of US public service. It was in every state and county. Letters were expensive, and mostly for the rich, however postage was subsidized for newspapers. This was done purposely to serve the information needs of the commons and to keep the people politically informed. In 1911 Postal Banking was introduced. The minimum deposit was \$1 and the maximum was \$2,500, and paid two percent interest on deposits annually. It issued US Postal Savings Bonds in various denominations that paid annual interest, as well as Postal Savings Certificates and domestic money orders. Savings in the system spurted to \$1.2 billion during the 1930s and jumped again during World War II, peaking in 1947 at almost \$3.4 billion. Organized to benefit immigrants and the working poor who

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didn't trust commercial banks, the US Postal Savings System was shut down in 1967. Private banks had captured the market, raising their interest rates and offering the same governmental guarantees.

Zoom ahead to 2013 and we find our postal commons under attack by corporations and the rich. Having blown their wad on the shadow wealth of the derivatives and financials market, dynamiting the housing market with predatory loans and cheap buyups of foreclosed properties, they are now circling public service

be able to profit. From my perspective, the largest group of losers in this privatization "reform" are prisoners. Over 2 million people are warehoused in prisons/jails and growing numbers of human beings are now being housed in I.C.E. detention facilities, which also face privatization demands. The trend of building more jails in California is on the rise thanks to people like Gov. Jerry Brown who feels that non-violent and aging prisoners just CANNOT be let out to join the greater society. The one form of communication with that outside world for many of the poor people who make up most of those incarcerated, is the US post office (USPS). The cost of a stamp vs the cost of a 15 minute phone call once a week (\$17.00) can be as much as \$16.54. Prison jobs can range from ZERO (GA) to 4.73 a day. You can see how the postal service means a great deal to incarcerated people. The idea of a privatized postal service would mean a great deal of economic hardship on those incarcerated far away from family and friends. Hawaiians are routinely shipped to prisons in states like Arizona, making visits nearly impossible and phone calls too expensive. If USPS becomes a privatized entity we can surely expect the cost of stamps to rise considerably and the level of service will decline. A for-profit organization has only one objective...to maximize profits and minimize expenses. The USPS and other public institutions have no such goal. They are run to provide a service at cost, rolling any "profits" back into service. Why would anyone think that a private corporation would do a better job than the public sector?

The effort to save the Berkeley Post Office is still being fought even though the camp has been removed. There is a lawsuit; an official appeal by the Mayor and City Council to Postal management; and a move to rezone the parcel to eliminate commercial uses and mandate civic uses only, making a purchase by profiteers undesirable. And, if the sale goes forward, possibly announced after October 5th, we will be back with our tents to say... "no to the sale! no to privatization! this is OUR commons and we won't let you, the 1%, have it!"

THE 2014

Slingshot

SLINGSHOT

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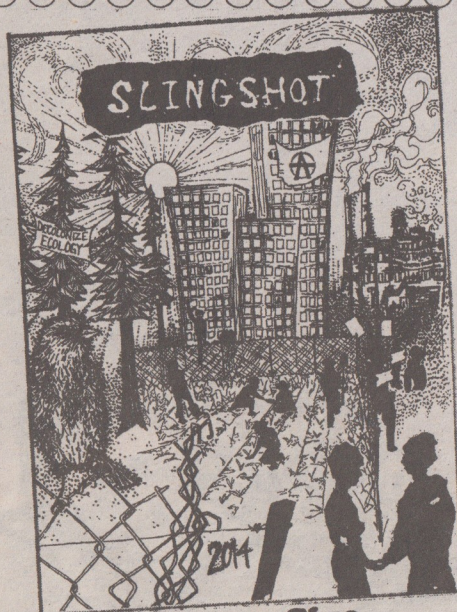
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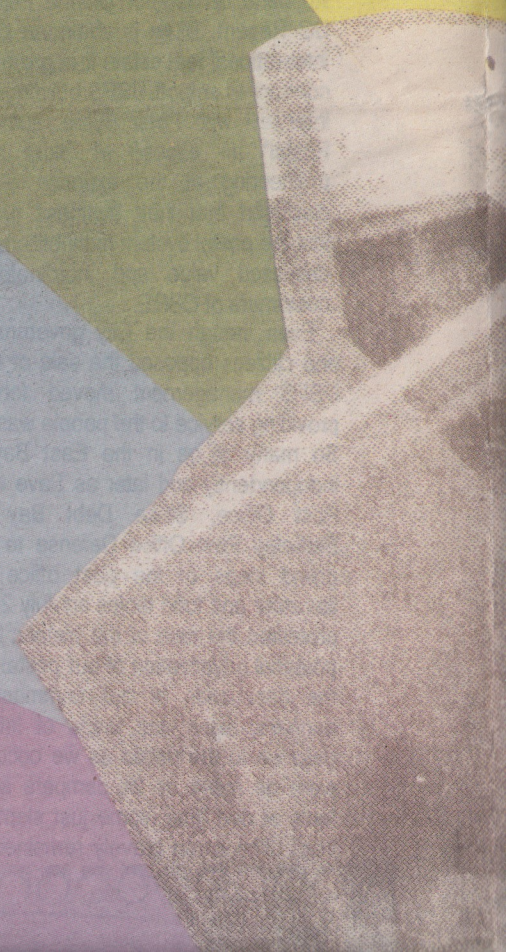
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FALL

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NOT
FALL



WINTER FALL LIVE









The book and artwork in the exhibit show a... a woman's portrait and the book's cover.

READ A BOOK YOU LITTLE RUGRAT

Slingshot Reviews CAPTIVE GENDERS

TRANS EMBODIMENT and the PRISON-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

By :Joey

Eric Stanley and Nat Smith, eds. AK Press, 300 pgs \$21.95

My favorite thing about edited anthologies is that I can never finish long books. Essays, I can do. My second-favorite thing is that readers usually get a wider range of perspectives and, in the best case, a variety of writing styles. *Captive Genders: Trans Embodiment and the Prison Industrial Complex* (PIC) delivers both, offering theory, personal narrative, interviews, policy papers, legal analysis, and even a manifesto from writers representing a full spectrum of gender identities, with complex and varied relationships to the PIC and to the academy. These writers bring queer and trans struggles together with prison abolition movements in an unprecedented way. Even the cover is telling of the book's radical commitments. The front image, a photo of burning cop cars from the 1979 White Night Riots (which began after Dan White was acquitted in the murder of gay SF Supervisor Harvey Milk) says a lot — *Captive Genders* isn't a dry slog of politically disinvested theory, and that the book is as attuned to its genealogy as it is to radical programs for the future.

As for the long title, I get the impression that Smith and Stanley chose their words carefully here. The book's stated focus is on *trans embodiment* — not trans identity or trans people. On the one hand, 'embodiment' is an apt lens for examining gender in spaces where the body is heavily policed and disciplined, as Lori Girshick documents in her groundbreaking study of gendered dress code and behavior enforcement in women's prisons (cleverly titled *Out of Compliance*). All prisoners at Central California Women's Prison, for example, are

ground in her essay *Maroon Abolitionism*, focusing on the intersection of race and gender enforcement in the penal system while linking this critique to the metaphorical cages that confine all of us. These approaches also help avoid some of the usual concerns with identity politics (who gets to count as trans, whose rights we're fighting for, etc.). On the other hand, I was disappointed not to find any discussion of why the editors chose embodiment as their theoretical angle, especially since the term has a legacy in feminist theory going back at least to Simone de Beauvoir.

My favorite parts of the volume shed light on some lesser-known moments in queer and trans resistance. In *"Street Power" and the Claiming of Public Space*, Jennifer Worly tells the little-known history of Vanguard, a group that sprang up in San Francisco's Tenderloin in the 1960s. Pulling together Vanguard flyers and newsletters, as well as some firsthand accounts from folks in the scene, Worly shows how Vanguard centered their work around young sex workers and other economic and social outcasts to fight privatization, homelessness, social isolation, and police brutality — unlike the assimilationist homophile movement that was already active in San Francisco in the 1960s. I enjoyed reading about Vanguard's actions, like their symbolic 'sweep' of the Tenderloin that reappropriated the terms of gentrification and so-called 'urban renewal,' and the riot at Compton's Cafeteria, a diner that had hired private security to harass young queens and hustlers. Though the

getting some attention here. Worly even makes this all relevant to the contemporary scene, in a neat critique of liberal sexual politics:

"Vanguard's foregrounding of the queer youth or adolescent challenged...the very cliché often used to appeal to American 'live and let live' ideals: that the law should not interfere with what 'two consenting adults do in the privacy of their own home.' Vanguard's street-sweep illustrates the woeful inadequacy of this cliché as an appeal for the rights of queer and trans youth, who might be consenting but are not adults, who in many cases had been expelled from the protections of 'the home,' and its aegis of privacy, and who, as street-based sex workers, depended for their very survival upon queer modes of accessing public — not private — spaces for specifically sexual purposes."

The same could be said for the current obsession with marriage as the lodestar of gay

with women feminists, people of color involved in anti-police-brutality work, and others who were fighting against the state regulation of their bodies and sexuality. This kind of coalition building is as necessary today as it was then — especially for the project of prison abolition.

Two pieces that stand out, especially when read together, focus on queer immigration: glimpses of the production of normative queer subjects in the asylum process (*How to Make Prisons Disappear*) and HIV/AIDS-related abuses in Immigration and Customs Enforcement prisons (*Regulatory Sites*). Other highlights of the volume include a much-needed critique of sex offender registries (*Awful Acts and the Trouble with Normal*) and a lucid, almost surrealist personal essay (*Hotel Hell*) that meanders from the nitty-gritty regulation of life in a residential hotel to a heartfelt call for folks to consider how their tactics make their bodies vulnerable to the PIC.

If you asked me to find some weak points in the book, I might complain a bit about the seemingly excessive interpretive liberties Stephen Dillon takes in his account of imprisoned queer writing (*The Only Freedom I Can See*). Really though, my only complaint is that with such a wide variety of perspectives and styles, the collection ought to be organized a bit more linearly, and better curated, with something like an editor's note at the beginning of each piece. I guess what I'm saying is I just want Eric Stanley and Nat Smith to hold my hand as I read their book —



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Nadia Guidotto adds another valuable contribution (*Looking Back*) to the less-told history of queer resistance in her account of

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vanguard's street sweep. The book's woeful inadequacy of this cliché as an appeal for the rights of queer and trans youth, who might be consenting but are not adults, who in many cases had been expelled from the protections of 'the home,' and its aegis of privacy, and who, as street-based sex workers, depended for their very survival upon queer modes of accessing public — not private — spaces for specifically sexual purposes."

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subject (*Prisons Disappear*) and HIV/AIDS-related abuses in Immigration and Customs Enforcement prisons (*Regulatory Sites*). Other highlights of the volume include a much-needed critique of sex offender registries (*Awful Acts and the Trouble with Normal*) and a lucid, almost surrealist personal essay (*Hotel Hell*) that meanders from the nitty-gritty regulation of life in a residential hotel to a heartfelt call for folks to consider how their tactics make their bodies vulnerable to the PIC.

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Prison Rape Elimination Act

VS. Dept. of Criminal Justice

by Free Born

The Place—Texas Dept. of Criminal Justice (TDCJ), Huntsville, Texas. The Victim (Vic)—a deaf/physically handicapped/ safe keep prisoner. Safe Keep (SK)—are prisoners of a "Protected Class"/at "High Risk" the Vic wears diapers for bowel and bladder incontinence, a fact known to fellow prisoners due to TDCJ's practice of "Strip-Harass-Humiliate" and because he is forced to shower with others, despite sanitary and safety issues. Propaganda refers to SK as "The Gay Wing" and SK Prisoners in a derogatory or even sexual manner, making the Risk that much higher. The Wing has 126 beds, and is usually at 95% capacity with prisoners

the laughter of guards.

The Officers on duty did not attempt to stop the Assault, nor did they file the required reports, which would have identified the assailants and witnesses. A Ranking Officer at the Central Desk refused to communicate with the Vic because he is deaf. They instead used a standard TDCJ threat in a direct order to "Go to your wing or go to Lock Up and get a disciplinary case!" This also eliminated the mandatory medical evaluation and documentation. Furthermore, all correspondence (to Warden, Major, Building Captain, Psych, Safe Prisoners Coordinator,

documenting this physical and Sexual Assault; then left him to suffer harassment and humiliation by staff and other Prisoners and to live in fear for the next assault.

This is but one of many offenses regularly covered by the Texas Prison System. The Administrators—by inaction and denial—sanction Rape, Extortion, Physical and Sexual Assault. Where the PREA states a zero tolerance for sexual assault; TDCJ has enacted a zero tolerance for sex. There is a big difference between sex and rape. TDCJ policy is clearly a statement against Homosexuality. Rape and extortion are crimes committed by the deprived or those who feel

HORROR

Continued from Page 1

psychological damage to prisoners who will most likely be released at some point. Prison officials at PBSP claim the SHU facility is intended to keep their other prisons safer from gang violence, yet the SHU is also filled with political prisoners with no gang affiliation. This kind of violence is still on the rise in California's prison system and has led to the Center for Constitutional Rights filing a lawsuit against the entire California prison system for their use of long term solitary confinement, claiming it is torture and therefore illegal. To put this all in perspective, solitary confinement was utilized in the 19th century as a form of self-reproach but was abandoned after concerns about its psychological effects.

Vaughn Dortch was convicted of petty thievery, got into fights in prison, and was then sent to Pelican Bay State Prison SHU unit.

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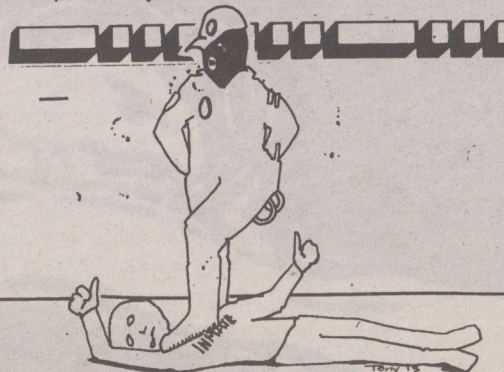
The Place—Texas Dept. of Criminal Justice (TDCJ), Huntsville, Texas. The Victim (Vic)—a deaf/physically handicapped/ safe keep prisoner. Safe Keep (SK)—are prisoners of a "Protected Class"/at "High Risk" the Vic wears diapers for bowel and bladder incontinence, a fact known to fellow prisoners due to TDCJ's practice of "Strip-Harass-Humiliate" and because he is forced to shower with others, despite sanitary and safety issues. Propaganda refers to SK as "The Gay Wing" and SK Prisoners in a derogatory or even sexual manner, making the Risk that much higher. The Wing has 126 beds, and is usually at 95% capacity with prisoners.

In May 2012, the Vic, along with about 30 other SK prisoners, went to the chowhall for the evening meal (about 4:20 PM). Officers then placed a number of General Population (GP) wings, including Medium Custody, right behind SK. The maximum capacity of the South chowhall is 234 people, so by 5PM all tables were full. Both serving lines were backed up to the closed and locked doors and about 125 Prisoners, including SK, were staged (standing) in a small area by the locked exit doors waiting for Egress (see Texas Barriers Act).

Two GP Prisoners attacked the Vic from behind and began to physically and sexually assault him. They pulled down his pants and tore off his diaper; pushed their fingers in his rectum; masturbated him while trying to kiss him; slapped his testicles and buttocks; pulled on his penis and scrotum. This went on for some 20 minutes before the doors were open and Egress was allowed. The Vic, with his pants still around his ankles, was knocked to the floor and trampled by the rushing crowd to

the laughter of guards.

The Officers on duty did not attempt to stop the Assault, nor did they file the required reports, which would have identified the assailants and witnesses. A Ranking Officer at the Central Desk refused to communicate with the Vic because he is deaf. They instead used a standard TDCJ threat in a direct order to "Go to your wing or go to Lock Up and get a disciplinary case!" This also eliminated the mandatory medical evaluation and documentation. Furthermore, all correspondence (to Wardens, Major, Building Captain, Psych, Safe Prisoners Coordinator,



I'm guessing that I am supposed to accept this because americans haven't stopped it... I'm guessing I am alright now and ready for parole. I'm doing good right?

Risk Management, PREA Ombudsman) went without reply and the first step of the grievance simply disappeared.

TDCJ has a legal responsibility to protect all prisoners, with special regard to all in Safe Keep. They have a duty to respond to crimes committed in their institution. Yet they purposely prevented the Vic from reporting and

documenting this physical and Sexual Assault; then left him to suffer harassment and humiliation by staff and other Prisoners and to live in fear for the next assault.

This is but one of many offenses regularly covered by the Texas Prison System. The Administrators—by inaction and denial—sanction Rape, Extortion, Physical and Sexual Assault. Where the PREA states a zero tolerance for sexual assault; TDCJ has enacted a zero tolerance for sex. There is a big difference between sex and rape. TDCJ policy is clearly a statement against Homosexuality. Rape and extortion are crimes committed by the deprived or those who feel shame for their desires and forcibly take what they want from those who are weaker—At High Risk. Suggesting all forms of passive sexual release—masturbation, porn, etc.—are some sort of crime is a bit like prohibition and has the same affect. Rape, extortion, physical and sexual assault have been against the Law, even in prison, long before the words of the Prison Rape Elimination Act; yet homosexuality is not against the law.

Most people may not have realized the severity of these crimes in prison, but wardens and guards had to know. But to acknowledge the scope of this problem now is to admit incompetence or that they allowed it. This is why the PREA has no real power to stop prison rape in TDCJ. The PREA Ombudsman, Safe Prisons Coordinator, and Grievance Officers work for TDCJ. As yet there are no cameras on this building, the chowhalls, or Safe keep. There is no outside watchdog agency. The day TDCJ officials are held criminally responsible is the day we begin to stop prison rape.

HORROR

Continued from Page 1 4

psychological damage to prisoners who will most likely be released at some point. Prison officials at PBSP claim the SHU facility is intended to keep their other prisons safer from gang violence, yet the SHU is also filled with political prisoners with no gang affiliation. This kind of violence is still on the rise in California's prison system and has led to the Center for Constitutional Rights filing a lawsuit against the entire California prison system for their use of long term solitary confinement, claiming it is torture and therefore illegal. To put this all in perspective, solitary confinement was utilized in the 19th century as a form of self-reproach but was abandoned after concerns about its psychological effects^v.

Vaughn Dortch was convicted of petty thievery, got into fights in prison, and was then sent to Pelican Bay State Prison SHU unit. After several months of extreme solitary confinement, he deteriorated psychologically and covered himself in feces. He was then forced to take a bath in scalding hot water and held down by guards until receiving third degree burns all over his body. Medics refused to give him any pain medication for thirty minutes and the head doctor even went as far as saying that he was not burned. Only one individual was found culpable and fired, while no mechanisms were put in place to prevent an incident like this from occurring again^{vi}.

Todd Ashker was convicted of burglary and sentenced to six years in prison. He got into an altercation with another prisoner over a debt and murdered him (according to Ashker it was self-defense). When an individual commits murder in prison when only serving six years, it can be argued that the defensive nature one must maintain within this type of system might be at least partially culpable. An anonymous informant told prison officials that

A HARD RAIN(BOW) IS GOING TO FALL

By Meagan Malachite

PERMISSIVENESS OR DOMINATION — IS THERE A THIRD WAY?

When I showed up at the Montana Rainbow Gathering and unknowingly camped across the main trail from a large fenced area with a menacing "Enter at Your Own Risk" sign, I had no idea that these neighbors would shape and impact not only my experience that week, but the experience of those who participated in the Nonviolent Communication workshops I came to offer as well.

Initially I found it amusing that this group of people would choose to identify their camp as "The Projects." "How strange that the elements of outside society are re-creating themselves here," I thought. I had never heard of this camp despite this being my fifth national rainbow gathering. Many of the other rainbow attendees refer to this crowd as "crusties." The typical Project camper, of which there were a few dozen it seemed, is a traveler (hitchhiker, train hopper) with dirty black and grey clothes, usually with patches and holes, but more of the latter. They were loud and raucous, ignoring the rainbow policy of "No alcohol in the gathering!" asking passersby to give them snacks, and setting off fireworks till the wee hours of the morning (another rainbow no-no with the dangers of forest fires, not to mention people wanting to experience the rejuvenation of the quiet forest outside city limits).

It didn't end there though. This group was on one side of many conflicts throughout the week. I don't think they always "started" it per se, but they did seem to be purposefully antagonizing those around them with such antics as putting logs and digging holes in the path at night, so that people walking through without a flashlight would trip. Ouch. My approach to this was to just go around, because I quickly came to the conclusion that the more people reacted to their behavior in any way, the more things escalated. I also saw what they were doing as mostly harmless, a letting off of steam that builds up from being in



each other, which once again didn't bother me as much as some other people. It seemed like consensual fighting, more letting off steam. This is just what these people did for fun. It's not my idea of a good time, but different strokes for different folks. Sometimes it did seem that people got involved who were not so consensual about it, however, and that's when it became really dramatic. During these times, I found myself in a conundrum. Despite my skills with NVC, there was simply too much going on for me to see any meaningful way I could contribute to defusing a brawl. There were so many people yelling, there were already people from Shantisena (the rainbow peacekeeping infrastructure) trying to help, that all I could do was give silent empathy to all involved from the sidelines, and try to help the sensitive souls of bystanders by inviting them over to my camp, Empathic Rejuvenation, to relax and ground

situation for protective use of force. Marshall Rosenberg, founder of Nonviolent Communication (NVC), made this distinction between using force to protect health and safety, and using force to punish—punitive use of force. The second would be considered violence in the NVC system. For me the line between these two things gets really blurry though. Although most NVCers, including myself, would see capital punishment as punitive use of force, proponents could argue it's protective in the sense that it can discourage others from killing people (whether or not this is the case, people can and certainly do argue it). One of our options, that was never acted on, was to ask the police overseeing the gathering to intervene with this camp. I was even convinced for a day or two that this would be a good course of action, mainly because I was sick of the fireworks.

fireworks) but oppose them for intervening in other cases? There are many "illegal" things happening at a rainbow gathering—people walk around nude, have their dogs off leashes, and bring a variety of blacklisted substances for recreational or spiritual use. No, I didn't want to promote such an arbitrary double standard. I want to let go of brute force as a solution to minor problems, and find other creative ways to deal with social challenges. What this meant in this case, was until we found a better way to work with this group of people, we had to default to putting up with them in the meantime. In the grand scheme of things, walking around logs and holes is not that big of an inconvenience. I'd like to save protective force for more important things—such as when there really are nonconsensual fights, although in this case brute force didn't seem to help with that either, just more escalation.

I still don't know what creative solution would work for the Projects and the rest of the rainbows to live together in peace. One thought I have is to work with the Shantisena crew next year, offering them the powerful tool

of NVC-style empathy, both for their own rejuvenation and to use in the midst of conflict. This idea inspires me; I see it as a new frontier in human development (which I also see in the gathering as a whole). It is painful to me to see how quickly some of the people who say we want a new world resorted to brute force in the face of The Projects, a tactic of the so-called "old paradigm." I believe looking at situations through the lens of human needs helps to defuse a lot of the "us vs. them" energy and open up at least the possibility for a solution that works for everyone involved. I hope that activists and rainbows and all cultural transformers will consider learning more about the NVC system for resolving conflict; it is one of the few things that gives me hope that the

rain hopper) with dirty black and grey clothes, usually with patches and holes, but more of the latter. They were loud and raucous, ignoring the rainbow policy of "No alcohol in the gathering!" asking passersby to give them snacks, and setting off fireworks till the wee hours of the morning (another rainbow no-no with the dangers of forest fires, not to mention people wanting to experience the rejuvenation of the quiet forest outside city limits).

It didn't end there though. This group was on one side of many conflicts throughout the week. I don't think they always "started" it per se, but they did seem to be purposefully antagonizing those around them with such antics as putting logs and digging holes in the path at night, so that people walking through without a flashlight would trip. Ouch. My approach to this was to just go around, because I quickly came to the conclusion that the more people reacted to their behavior in any way, the more things escalated. I also saw what they were doing as mostly harmless, a letting off of steam that builds up from being in cities too long.

Sometimes these folks got into fights with



each other, which once again didn't bother me as much as some other people. It seemed like consensual fighting, more letting off steam. This is just what these people did for fun. It's not my idea of a good time, but different strokes for different folks. Sometimes it did seem that people got involved who were not so consensual about it, however, and that's when it became really dramatic. During these times, I found myself in a conundrum. Despite my skills with NVC, there was simply too much going on for me to see any meaningful way I could contribute to defusing a brawl. There were so many people yelling, there were already people from Shantisena (the rainbow peacekeeping infrastructure) trying to help, that all I could do was give silent empathy to all involved from the sidelines, and try to help the sensitive souls of bystanders by inviting them over to my camp, Empathic Rejuvenation, to relax and ground.

During these times, I wondered if this was a

situation for protective use of force. Marshall Rosenberg, founder of Nonviolent Communication (NVC), made this distinction between using force to protect health and safety, and using force to punish—punitive use of force. The second would be considered violence in the NVC system. For me the line between these two things gets really blurry though. Although most NVCers, including myself, would see capital punishment as punitive use of force, proponents could argue it's protective in the sense that it can discourage others from killing people (whether or not this is the case, people can and certainly do argue it). One of our options, that was never acted on, was to ask the police overseeing the gathering to intervene with this camp. I was even convinced for a day or two that this would be a good course of action, mainly because I was sick of the fireworks.

But, I thought, wouldn't I be hypocritical if I asked the police to intervene for my cause (no

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Relying exp. of SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

the murder was connected to the Aryan Brotherhood and as a result Ashker was sent to Pelican Bay State Prison SHU unit. While

26 years of no direct sunlight or normal contact with human beings, he has decided to organize to end Solitary confinement

serving time there he got into an altercation that has two versions of what happened, the State's version and Ashker's. According to Ashker, prison guards set him up for a "gladiator style" fight and when things escalated out of control, he was shot with an assault rifle by a guard. His wound nearly

on-crime attitude here in California, it's always the case that jurors don't want to give a criminal one red cent, so there must have been something that went on there at Pelican Bay" said attorney Herman Franck^{vii}.

The only way out of the SHU at Pelican Bay State Prison is to "debrief", or tell prison officials everything you know about the prison gang you have been "validated" to belong to. The problem is that "debriefing" results in the prisoner putting himself in tremendous danger of being killed once he is back in the general prison population (because of this California leads the nation in long-term solitary confinement). Another problematic aspect of these procedures is the process of "validating" gang members. The gang "validation" process has been criticized because it can occur without evidence of any specific illegal activity and heavily rely on anonymous informants. In Ashker's case, he has denied ties to the Aryan Brotherhood and has never been convicted of

impossible to communicate.

It all seems to come down to whether or not the citizens of California feel it is worth psychologically torturing people for years, and in some cases decades, in order to keep the prison system safer (a claim debunked by the increase in prison violence since SHU's inception). Up until recently, public opinion appeared to be indifferent regarding this issue. However, this is beginning to change after prisoners across California decided to organize a hunger strike. On July 8, 2013, 30,000 prisoners began a hunger strike demanding that prisons^{viii}:

- 1) Stop punishing groups for the actions of individuals.
- 2) Stop rewarding those who provide information on others.
- 3) Improve nutrition.
- 4) Institute constructive programs for those in solitary confinement.
- 5) End long-term solitary confinement.

i Amnesty International. *USA, the Edge of Endurance: Prison Conditions in California's Security Housing Units*.

London: Amnesty International Publications, 2012.

ii Naday, A.; Freilich, J.; & Mellow, Jeff. "The Elusive Data on Supermax Confinement," *The Prison Journal* Vol. 88; 2008.

Effects of Solitary Confinement," *American Journal of Psychiatry Online*; 1983.

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on-crime attitude here in California, it's always the case that jurors don't want to give a criminal one red cent, so there must have been something that went on there at Pelican Bay" said attorney Herman Franck^{vii}.

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As a result of this quagmire and the horrendous conditions that Todd Ashker has had to endure for 26 years, 26 years of no direct sunlight or normal contact with human beings, he has decided to organize to end solitary confinement. Todd has filed lawsuits, organized hunger strikes, and put out a call for a mutually agreed upon ending to hostilities between races and ethnicities in California prisons. According to this agreement, California prisoners end group racial violence against one another and force the prison system to provide rehabilitation programs and end solitary confinement. For these incredible efforts, Todd says he has been given a lack of proper medical care and a plexiglass cell front cover that makes his tiny cell incredibly hot, restricts air flow, and makes it almost

impossible to communicate.

It all seems to come down to whether or not the citizens of California feel it is worth psychologically torturing people for years, and in some cases decades, in order to keep the prison system safer (a claim debunked by the increase in prison violence since SHU's inception). Up until recently, public opinion appeared to be indifferent regarding this issue. However, this is beginning to change after prisoners across California decided to organize a hunger strike. On July 8, 2013, 30,000 prisoners began a hunger strike demanding that prisons^{viii}.

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This hunger strike was the biggest in California history^{ix} and received support from groups ranging from Amnesty International to the Prisoner Hunger Strike Solidarity Coalition. There was one suicide (who prison officials denied was a hunger striker initially), dozens hospitalized, and court approval to engage in the force-feeding of prisoners (a violation of international law). In spite of all this, the hunger strikers continued until the state agreed to have public hearings regarding the prisoner's concerns in October. This incredible organizing effort of prisoners condemned to solitary confinement, in combination with amazing solidarity work being organized by groups on the outside, illustrates what's possible when the oppressed unite in a mass action against state repression. Let's just hope that the public hearings accurately reflect what actually goes on in these facilities and leads to the end of this cruel and unusual practice.

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vi 60 Minutes (2012). "Pelican Bay." Retrieved December 24, 2012 from <http://www.cbsnews.com/video/watch/?id=7423194n>

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THERE'S AN ANARCHIST BEHIND YOUR COMPUTER

by Dare To Eat A Peach

Lately I've been hearing a lot of anarchists equate computers with authority and social control. This is strange to me. The people who design computers and write software have their own subculture, and its principles are highly aligned with anarchy. Certainly capitalism has put its mark on the computers we use daily, but that's simply because the ever-expanding behemoth of commoditization poisons everything it touches. This can be compared to the music industry: few would argue that rock and roll is a capitalist tool, simply because it has been turned into a product that is bought and sold. Yet hardware and software are being treated this way, and those who make it are viewed with disdain.

The word "hacker" is misunderstood in popular culture to mean someone who cracks into other people's systems (that's properly a "cracker"). Among those who code software, a hacker is a clever person who comes up with a better way of doing something. The way hackers generally express themselves is in writing better and more efficient code. But any clever solution is considered a hack, and most hacks are not malicious.

An example of non-software hacking would be Phil Zimmerman, a hacker who wanted a way for anti-nuclear activists to be able to communicate securely. The data encryption program he came up with (PGP, or Pretty Good Privacy which, like many hacker words, is a bit of a joke) is widely used today. But

Information Should Be Free

"The Net interprets censorship as damage and routes around it." —hactivist John Gilmore

The geeks who write code and design computers believe information should be free and open. To hackers, any system is better if kept transparent. This belief was born of seeing how unrestricted access to information can allow the creation of better software. But those who follow this philosophy tend to be opposed to censorship in all forms.

Hactivist Richard Stallman puts it this way: "Arrangements to make people pay for using a program, including licensing of copies, always incur a tremendous cost to society through the cumbersome mechanisms necessary to figure out how much (that is, which programs) a person must pay for. And only a police state can force everyone to obey them.

Consider a space station where air must be manufactured at great cost: charging each breather per liter of air may be fair, but wearing the metered gas mask all day and all night is intolerable even if everyone can afford to pay the air bill. And the TV cameras everywhere to see if you ever take the mask off are outrageous. It's better to support the air plant with a head tax and chuck the masks.

Copying all or parts of a program is as natural to a programmer as breathing, and as productive. It ought to be as free."

Julian Assange and Wikileaks are well known examples of hackers making efforts to

"If you can't open it, you don't own it"

Thus true hackers believe in the "Hands-on Imperative": users should be able to tinker with things. For example, it's commonplace these days for companies to state in their license agreements (those long EULAs we sign) that warranties that are void if the owner attempts to take the object apart and put it back together. Another example is Digital Rights Management (DRM), the corporate practice of putting extra stuff in data like mp3s, e-books and video games to make them difficult to share. Hackers would consider this malicious, and might even refer to such code as a virus.

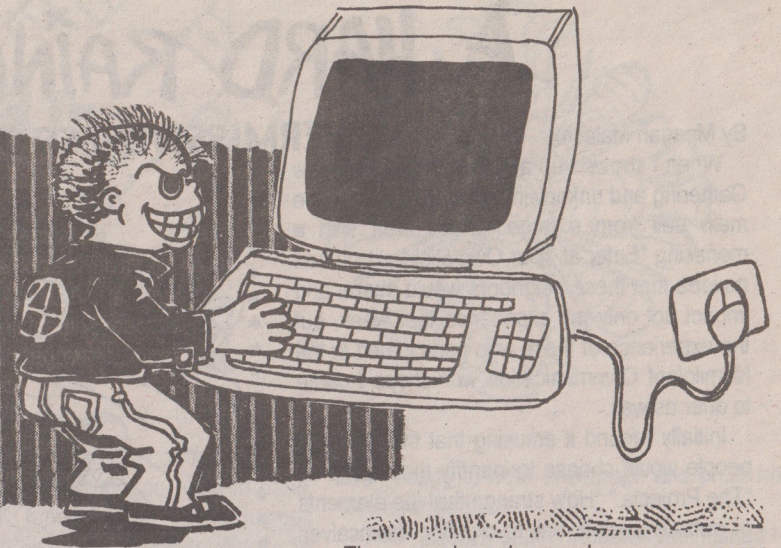
HACKERS FEEL THAT THESE CORPORATIONS
ARE IMPINGING ON THEIR RIGHTS AND
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Free as in Speech

Coders aren't mere armchair revolutionaries. Hackers fight for these principles of on a daily basis. In the examples above, a hacker is giving the man the finger just by fixing a friend's laptop or creating a

Decentralization

Coders believe things function better when there's no central authority. Who rules the Internet? No one and everyone. Governments all over the world are trying to pass legislation to control this perfectly open space, or give



argued that rock and roll is a capitalist tool, simply because it has been turned into a product that is bought and sold. Yet hardware and software are being treated this way, and those who make it are viewed with disdain.

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An example of non-software hacking would be Phil Zimmerman, a hacker who wanted a way for anti-nuclear activists to be able to communicate securely. The data encryption program he came up with (PGP, or Pretty Good Privacy which, like many hacker words, is a bit of a joke) is widely used today. But back in 1991, the US government didn't like that his data encryption was getting into foreign hands so they charged Zimmerman with "munitions export without a license". Zimmerman's hack was to print out the source code and get it published by MIT Press. As a book in the library of congress, he could argue that PGP was protected under the First Amendment. A clever hack.

Note that when I say coders are part of an inherently anarchist subculture, I don't mean to say that every person who writes code adheres to these beliefs. But I am saying that the subculture itself is inherently radical. As an analogy, one might argue that the history of punk music is deeply tied to anarchist principles. But no one would presume that means every punk fan, or even every punk

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music band, lives by these ideals. But you might go so far as to say that exploring the history of punk and striving to live a punk-as-

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Copying all or parts of a program is as natural to a programmer as breathing, and as productive. It ought to be as free."

Julian Assange and Wikileaks are well known examples of hackers making efforts to keep information free. You may also be familiar with whistleblower Edward Snowden, who was essentially a professional hacker.

Open Access

The practical application of a philosophy of openness leads into the next hacker ethic: sharing. It's not enough for information to be free. Hackers believe that code should be shared.

Without open access to the code that makes up our software, it's difficult for projects to be improved or bugs tackled. Progress slows to a crawl. Conversely, the strides made through cooperative coding have inspired a generation of people who turn to the wisdom of crowds for all kinds of projects. The Internet itself is an example of the possibilities of collaboration that succeeds on such a staggering scale, it would have beyond the scope of imagination for most people alive several generations ago. Writing software works much the same way: when coders use sites like Github to work together, they're able to produce far more than they could alone. Hackers believe this is not only a convenience, it's a right.

This struggle has been with hackers since the beginning of computers. In the early days of coding, software wasn't seen as a commodity. Most software only ran on the

warranties that are void if the owner attempts to take the object apart and put it back together. Another example is Digital Rights Management (DRM), the corporate practice of putting extra stuff in data like mp3s, e-books and video games to make them difficult to share. Hackers would consider this malicious, and might even refer to such code as a virus.

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It was Bill Gates who spread the notion that code was something that should be paid for. In 1976 his widely distributed "An Open Letter to Hobbyists" complained that because engineers were sharing his BASIC software, the new Microsoft company was unable to profit. To many the idea of selling software was an alien concept, and there were plenty of others who were offended he was hiding the code. It had to be hidden, or anyone else could copy and sell it, but that also meant the coders couldn't make their own improvements and mods. This went against the very values hackers had bonded over. Gates was sacrificing quality for profit.

In response to this growing idea that a page of ones and zero could be a product, beloved hacker Richard Stallman started the GNU software project in 1983 and founded the Free Software Foundation in 1985. Their manifesto outlines this belief that software should be

programs like GIMP and Audacity further bridge the economic gap by allowing free entry into previously expensive skills like photo and audio editing. This has been critical to the rise of independent media. While some anarcho-primitivists may oppose the use of technology, they must admit that strides taken to make computers free and accessible to all break down socio-economic barriers.

Decentralization

Coders believe things function better when there's no central authority. Who rules the Internet? No one and everyone. Governments all over the world are trying to pass legislation to control this perfectly open space, or give that control to corporations (e.g. CISPA, SOPA). And it is the hackers who are fighting these changes, both within and outside the system. Anonymous is an example of a group of hackers who fight corporate control by any means necessary (yes, they're pranksters about it, which is the hacker way).

Hackers: Against All Authority

Another tenet of hacker culture is a general mistrust of authority. It's only natural that a subculture in favor of sharing, decentralization and transparency would be opposed to beauracracies and authoritative systems.

Hackers don't respect the labels of authority. This culture built on playful competition prefers people prove their skills. Perhaps this is because so many of the suits they've been required to answer to, be it from college funding boards or hiring managers, know *nothing about the languages of code.

Moreover, it's those same authority figures who continually strive to profit off of the endeavors of software coders. At every turn the hacker runs afoul of those who would take their art and profit from it. The Luddites may think of coding as a boring and analytical practice. But to hackers, writing code is an art, not a science. The very languages that software is written in have evolved to reflect the culture and humor of those who invented it. I do not exaggerate when I say that great code

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music band, lives by these ideals. But you might go so far as to say that exploring the history of punk and striving to live a punk-as-fuck life would likely push one towards a more anarchist way of thinking. This is what I'm saying about software and hardware developer culture. Many people today are chasing down engineering degrees just to get a decent paycheck. But those who do it out of love, and those who seek to understand the inside jokes and ethos from whence their language was written, will find a radical belief system at its center.

The freedoms hackers strive to promote are of import to all who use computers. The Internet, open source, and crowdsourcing are the biggest and most successful applications of anarchist principles in the history of recorded civilization. It's time anarchists took note of their most natural ally: the software hacker.

Here are some of the principles that are critical to the hacker subculture. They may strike you as familiar.

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Without open access to the code that makes up our software, it's difficult for projects to be improved or bugs tackled. Progress slows to a crawl. Conversely, the strides made through cooperative coding have inspired a generation of people who turn to the wisdom of crowds for all kinds of projects. The Internet itself is an example of the possibilities of collaboration that succeeds on such a staggering scale, it would have beyond the scope of imagination for most people alive several generations ago. Writing software works much the same way: when coders use sites like Github to work together, they're able to produce far more than they could alone. Hackers believe this is not only a convenience, it's a right.

This struggle has been with hackers since the beginning of computers. In the early days of coding, software wasn't seen as a commodity. Most software only ran on the machine it was made for, so it didn't even occur to them that it was something that could be bought or sold.

Coders shared freely, and it was common to build on or perfect software that others had begun. The Harvard Computer lab had a policy that they'd not allow installation of software unless the code was publicly posted. At MIT good software was developed by coders accessing a free box of sorts, from which they'd improve the code and put it back for the next person to use. The nature of coding is collaborative, in that, at a certain magnitude, it becomes impractical for one person to complete the code on her own. While factory workers had to grow into the idea that they should control the means of production, software uniquely began as a completely open culture of free sharing.

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In response to this growing idea that a page of ones and zero could be a product, beloved hacker Richard Stallman started the GNU software project in 1983 and founded the Free Software Foundation in 1985. Their manifesto outlines this belief that software should be "free," not as in beer, but as it is in the phrase "free speech."

The Free Software Movement promotes open source software. This just means you can see the code, and modify it or share it with others. The focus is put on creating better software rather than restricting access for the sake of greed. The biggest name in open software, is the operating system GNU/Linux. Linux is also easier to hack, gives the user more control, and has better security and privacy...all because the hackers who coded it value freedom, privacy and security. You may think that few people use Linux, because most home computer users run corporate software (like Microsoft). However, the very people who design their machines, build their software, and run their websites use open source free software instead (like GNU/Linux). It's because of the open source movement that there are so many free (as in beer) programs available, no strings attached.

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*The Jargon File, a repository of hacker phrases, refers to suits as the "worst of all in hackish vocabulary." It also says in that same introduction, "Hackers, as a rule, love wordplay and are conscious and inventive in their use of language. These traits seem to be common in young children, but the conformity-enforcing machine we are pleased to call an educational system bludgeons them out of most of us before adolescence."



Continued from Page 1

oppression, and marginalization accompanied by mundane resignation to the status quo. My time in Buenos Aires helped me redefine the meaning of dignified work. It provided me a way to frame the global struggle for worker self-determination.

La Matanza worker-owned cooperative makes screws of all lengths and shapes and sizes, and was reclaimed from its owners in 2003. At the time of the take over, the boss hadn't paid salaries in ten months. The workers who remained staged a fifteen day occupation of their factory to ensure that the boss couldn't ferry the stock away and sell it off. The nine current members (or *socios*) of La Matanza are aging, most close to sixty years old. Some have worked in the dim, cold interior of La

Trying to put aside my skepticism regarding the sustainability of their model, I began chatting with Julio, one of the founders of SG. He is 35, super alert and casual. He bounced around on the soles of his bright red Converse as he spoke with us. He started SG with more than a dozen friends when they were in their late twenties. They are all from middle class backgrounds and are much younger than other coop *socios* I met. They concentrate on building cooperativism as a social movement.

He said that when they first started, there were just a few stacks of boxes at the back, and now they've crept forward so that the room is nearly bursting. Like the mercury rising in a thermometer, the huge back stock is a measure of the good health of this growing cooperative.

On one wall of the warehouse there is a huge colorful mural of a masked Zapatista warrior with a masked baby on one hip, waving the rainbow-checked indigenous flag. In the US it would be unthinkable to see such a blatant representation of a clearly subversive group like the Zapatistas in any sort of capitalist business establishment. Even odder is that this Zapatista mama is flanked on the wall by a life sized cut out of Christina Fernandez de Kirchner, Argentina's current female president. She seemed to oversee the entire warehouse with her artificially plump lips pursed in satisfaction. This is the type of small business her rhetoric is intent on supporting, although in practice she strongly favors supporting massive Argentinian corporations. Perhaps more importantly, she represents a distinctly mainstream "business as usual" attitude to

oppression, and marginalization accompanied by mundane resignation to the status quo. My time in Buenos Aires helped me redefine the meaning of dignified work. It provided me a way to frame the global struggle for worker self-determination.

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Business is pretty good at La Matanza they said, with a stable client base and higher-than-average returns (they're not called wages in this coop). They feel secure in their work. Everyone said the biggest problem was the delays they experience when the machines break down.

"Well, how old are the machines?" I asked.

They looked at each other, shrugged, and said casually, "Around one hundred years old."

When these centenarians break down, the workers take them apart. They hone new parts out of scrap metal and coax them back to life. But it takes a couple days and that's the biggest impediment to consistent production.

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The *embrasadas recuperadas* movement helped people to envision what an economy based in solidarity and horizontal decision making might be, how that would change their daily lives and their relationships with their neighbors.

Julio smiled happily at this thought, but grew serious for a moment and said, "It's great, but everything in this room will get thrown away".

This startled me.

He went on. "Yeah, you know that huge trash island the size of Texas in the middle of the Pacific ocean? All this stuff will probably

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That was a time when people were desperate enough to imagine what a more radical shift might look like. The *empresas recuperadas* movement helped people envision what an economy based in solidarity and horizontal decision-making might be. It helped them imagine how that would change their daily lives and their relationships to their neighbors. Small gains for people clawing their way back towards middle class have tempered that vision and many social movements in Argentina have set their sights on reform and not revolution.

Julio saw me staring in bewilderment at the two women on the wall, he just smiled again and said mischievously, "We like a little bit of everything at SG".

The *socios* at SG are doing incredibly admirable work, not just in their business plans and cooperative workshops, but in their ability to live at the axis of a number of colossal contradictions. They live lightly in that complicated and confusing place. They do business with their eyes wide open while laughing in the face of the despair capitalism is supposed to instill. They are thinking carefully and with humility about their place in the

collective decision making with the men they worked next to for so long. None of them drive. Their work clothes are not unlike weekend lounge clothes: slacks and a button-up shirt covered by a comfortable pullover sweater with holes in the elbows. Fine metal dust has been ground into the fabric that stretches over their older-gentleman bellies, giving these men a gentle sheen.

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My next stop outside the city was a coop called SG Patria Grande. The outside is as underwhelming as they come (although it's hard to imagine a deeply impressive warehouse in an industrial suburb), but as soon as we stepped in from the bright sunlight I was surprised by a flurry of color and activity. Boxes were flying around the warehouse, being chucked from the loft and unceremoniously caught and stacked in a truck. Everyone working was young, under thirty-five, and very active, whistling and cracking jokes. The boxes flew through the air with such ease because this coop distributes a wide array of intentionally lightweight and flimsy products: disposables. Every imaginable combination of Styrofoam, cardboard, wrapping paper, and Kleenex lay carefully ordered in a layer of packaging. It's a warehouse stacked to the ceiling with what amounts to future trash.

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He was still smiling, but not a cheeky grin, just with the ease of somebody who has come to terms with the truth and has stopped torturing himself about it.

Julio went on to speak candidly about how all the *socios* know that disposables are an ugly business, but their enterprise is booming right now. The coop has a dream of using funds from their distribution business to open a responsibly-produced bulk food store and restaurant, and seem very serious about making the transition. They realize they will rely on revenues from future trash for at least the next ten years.. They're trying to offer more corn based compostable products, but they are not confident that these products are a viable long-term alternative.

The contradictions didn't end there.

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Slingshot Free Stuff

We'll send you a random assortment of back issues of Slingshot for the cost of postage: Send \$3 for 2 lbs. Free if you're an infoshop or library. Also, our full-color coffee table book about People's Park is free or by sliding scale donation: send \$1 - \$25 for a copy. slingshot@tao.ca / Box 3051 Berkeley, 94703.

COLLARD GREENS & RADICLES

Continued from Page 1

statistical units to vote in polling booths or die in wars; gender becomes absolute and invariant, invalidating each person's unique relationship to their body; complex webs of ecological life are broken into acres of land, board feet of timber, dollars of revenue. To negate these categories dissolves the mental garrisons that underpin the dominant culture's war for control.

As I reflected on Brennan's words however, something came to me. One evening recently, a good friend had shown me an image of the beadwork made by the Huichol people of Nayarit. She is mestizo, but traces her heritage to them. The neat compositions of colorful geometric patterns, I had noticed, were strikingly similar to the wycinanki paper art of rural Poland, the land of my grandparents. Exploring as best I could the aesthetics of other land-based, non-capitalist cultures, I found this basic similarity everywhere: art characterized by an intense reverence for order. This stands defiantly out of place in the terrain of the Western imagination of indigenous cultures, which are so often fetishized for their supposedly chaotic, sensuous tendencies. It also stands in stark

and seasons of language and category—that could bring Brennan home. "If the dogs ran free they could be hit by cars." I mused, still testing my words. "And if we didn't manage these garden beds, deciding which plants are weeds and which are not, we'd have no food. The dogs give up some freedom to get a different kind in exchange and so do we. If a relationship is a good one, we both end up freer than we began. Language is like that too." I began feeling more confident. "We lose something by fracturing the world into concepts, but those concepts become tools for sharing experiences, building things, and making art. All relationships require losing some kind of freedom and gaining another. Relationships can be dangerous, but without them, without sacrificing a part of ourselves to cultivate food or friendships we cease to exist. We are the sum of our relationships—between sunlight, water, language, friends, stories and places; doing away with all relationships negates us; it creates death, not freedom. We can't abolish structure, but we can critique and alter it. It's by doing that that we can be free."

He didn't say anything for a while, still on his knees, head bent against the fading light,

language and logic are co-produced by the ubiquitous and inarticulate grammar, language, and logic of our subjective experience, and the emergent tendencies of the universe.

Against the strangulating order of the global metropolis, it is tempting to fetishize what is structureless and inarticulate. We claim that the dominant culture's logical constructs are illegitimate because they are not absolute, not naturally occurring. Because no morality or logical structure is naturally occurring, we are unable to offer anything to fill the void that is left when we deconstruct the dominant logic. We un-define all definitions, we riot, denature, and let the weeds grow. And yet it is not the total negation of moral and logical structure that will bring us freedom. Instead, it will be the propagation of new kinds of order to feed us—many different kinds that are, like gardens, dependent on the sun angles and rain patterns place and context. Deconstruction is only the

new structures for freedom (AFTER+HER+IT)

in isolation. This kind of radicalism is a coherent system of logical critique that can suggest the possibility of an alternative world—defined by what it is, rather than what it is *not*.

The 21st century will be an era of structural breakdown within the dominant culture, as well as the Earth's climactic and ecological systems. This breakdown constitutes a sort of mass-psychosis, in which centuries or millennia of evolutionary adaptation towards order melt into unpredictability. In this unfolding world, radical movements that champion structurelessness will rapidly lose their liberatory potential. It is within a world like this that the streamlined ultra-logic of fascism can take hold, and has before. The juxtaposition of punk rock and wycinanki attest to this: if chaos reigns, structure will emerge as a liberatory tendency. As radicals, we will need new ways of organizing suited to a world that is slipping towards breakdown—a critique that

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contrast to modern and post-modern Western art, which, from Jackson Pollock's splatter paintings to dubstep, punk rock, and noise music, seems to base itself on the opposite: an obsession with chaos.

This contrast seems to articulate a deep-seated shift in the collective imagination. For land-based cultures, it was order that guaranteed freedom—through the cycles of seasons, the coming of rains, the repetitions of days and nights. If this order failed, there was death. If order remained, there was the possibility of freedom. Cosmopolitan late-capitalism's aesthetic departure from order signifies the opposite; in a world increasingly suffocated by order—in the grid of the city and the predictability of meaningless work and consumption—chaos instead, has come to hold the keys to freedom. The liberatory nature of structurelessness is not absolute then, but contextual.

That evening amongst the collards and weeds I realized that it was not structurelessness, but further order—the rains

washed over by the sounds of cars. I figured that he hadn't understood. He stared at the collards. Then I noticed a hint of tears in his eyes.

Language, logic, and morals are like gardens—cultivated by human hands and thoroughly managed. They are a tenuous coaxing of unstable patterns from the universe's slip towards entropy; without cultivation, they quickly recede back into wilderness. This is the case with all life; each living strand utterly inseparable from its surroundings, constantly struggling to pull order from chaos to prolong the improbable imbalance of its existence. By encouraging a few plant and insect species while eliminating others, the garden is always simplistic; yet its simplicity cannot exist without the complexity of the non-human wild, for without soil microbes, water cycles, and pollinators, the garden would die. Similarly, constructed

beginning of our struggle, not the end, for the recognition of a logically and morally relative universe is not a justification for logical and moral void, but a call to find our own collective, radical, moral and logical systems. If anything, it makes this even more imperative.

Radical is colloquially defined as 'that which lies outside or in contradiction to prevailing order—it is reactive, defined by what it is *not*'. This kind of radical moves a system by pushing it from outside, and must remain marginal to retain its identity. However, the word has another interpretation. In the structure of plants, the '*radicle*' is the genesis point of a root. Framing '*radical*' in this light suggests a system of critique or counter-logic that challenges a social system down to its roots and sees its many manifestations as connected and mutually constitutive. In this sense, it is opposed to liberalism, which sees social ills as separate issues to be confronted

is radical, constructive, and actively building alternative futures; deconstructing the dominant order to clear space, and building something new there with the intent to inhabit it.

I lost track of Brennan the next morning. He woke up in the room my partner and I share, said "good morning" and walked out the front door, never returning. Weeks later, he contacted his family and asked them to find him. His condition wasn't cured by our conversation, but it offered a spectacular moment of crystallization and clarity that I hope may have helped him to reach out to his family later. That evening we sat on the porch. He talked about his psychosis, and analyzed himself. "I wish I'd never gone down this road," he said "this way of thinking isn't helping me." We played music together for hours. He said he had not felt so in control of himself in months, that he wanted this feeling back. For that brief moment, I met my old friend again.

WE ALSO SELL BOOKS

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WE ALSO SELL BOOKS

By East Bay Book Fair Committee

The San Francisco Anarchist Book Fair has metastasized into the Anarchist Spectacle. Attendees don't participate, but merely consume (books, t-shirts, and posters), while being passively entertained by lectures from leading anarchist theorists, writers, and the occasional activist pitching the latest convergence. Often the most entertaining feature of the SF book fair is not a planned event but rather some fiasco arising from the hubris of the planning committee: setting the venue for the last book fair inside Northern California's preeminent porn studio; preempting other longstanding anarchist events by scheduling a second day for the fair; calling for

the arrest of those who had the impertinence to throw a pie in the face of the fair's featured celebrity author (and then attempting to solicit any who had witnessed the event to rat out the perpetrators); etc.

We admire and respect the pioneering efforts the SF book fair to produce one of the first anarchist book fairs in North America. There remains an excitement to the SF book fair, but its focus seems to have narrowed into simply selling books and anarchist paraphernalia. We're not saying that there are never any real conversations, tensions, or dynamics at the SF Book fair, but lately those interesting conversations happen despite the book fair, not because of it.

These conversations are why we're wildly

enthusiastic about all the anarchist book fairs from Eugene, Oregon to Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Like the medieval town fairs, book fairs provide a vibrant link between anarchist communities. They're also a lot of fun, with music, dancing, dinners and/or camping trips both before and after the fairs.

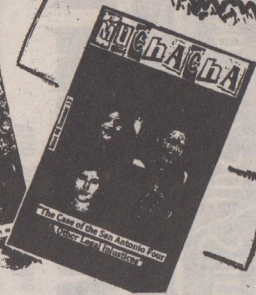
At the East Bay book fair, we are attempting to provide a formal structure to interactions and conversations between anarchists that occur worldwide. There are no speakers per se, but circles of conversation, and people (mostly local) who will host and facilitate. This book fair is not for an audience, but for participants: people who want to engage anarchist ideas directly, not watch someone-else do it.

As a post-modern medieval fair, we'll be our own entertainment. Bake sales, punk shows,

and dinners precede the fair; more parties and a camping trip occur afterwards. The book fair will also be a costume party with prizes. We'll have karaoke, an art table and childcare. There'll even be a panel discussion of Anarchist Art featuring William Blake, Thomas Pynchon, and Banksy. For a complete schedule follow us on twitter @eastbayanarchy.

We are East Bay Anarchists. We are not arrogant enough to think we have the answers. We are not stupid enough to blindly accept anyone else's answers. We also sell books. Come by the Humanist Hall at 790 27th St., Oakland on Oct. 26 between 10:00 AM and 6:00 PM and check us out. Be sure to wear your costume!

FIVE REVIEWS



A new wave of publications clutter the Long Haul shelf. These fresh faces makes it easier to not rely on feeding at the trough of the corporate agenda (im looking at **you** NY TIMES). Hey also we got new issues from Node Pajomo, Muchacha, Dreams Of Donuts, Asswipe, Shards of Glass in Your Eye, The Stowaways and No Gods No Mattresses — all of which we reviewed recently. Their contact is the same, and guess what, their zines are improving. So look those ones up as well. (eggplant)

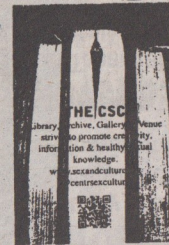
That's Not Okay-Boundaries for the Conflict Avoidant
antiquatedfuture.com

A mostly light-hearted zine about how to prctically and gently apply boundaries to our every day lives without being grumpy assholes. Well-written and ridden with cute drawings. (enola d!)



Something For Nothing #66 & #67
516 Third St NE
Massillon OH 44646
Free (a couple of stamps)

Let me warn the most radical out there that this work is made from an avowed Christian. Thankfully he doesn't use the space to convert readers. But that doesn't diminish the subtle creep factor. Christians have a tendency to insinuate an agenda into places (like punk rock) that is seemingly harmless. And yet so much harm is created by psychopaths using Christianity as a refuge. This zine is now 25 years old and having to read "Thanks to God" over the years instantly activates my dyslexia. It is a competently made production that is attractive to look at even if the words are slow food. The MR&R reviewer really didn't like the 15 pages in #67 devoted to chronicling the gas station the editor worked throughout the 1990's. I was about to agree when I found myself with a job and reading with increasing interest during my breaks. It is a flaw of American culture to give primacy to "exciting" things over the real life of everydayness. Also...



Bookish Beasts #1 Spring 2013
www.sexandculture.org

An organ of the center of sex and culture...um pun intended. My first view of it was that it exemplified everything that is a bummer of present day San Francisco (where it originates). That is its made by head smart experienced people but presented in a sleek nothingness filtered through a computer. The whole "Everything must be clean," hegemony. I mean there's plenty of art but flipping through it the shitty resolution that was used makes it all look forgettable. I truly miss the grisly hand made underground papers. Alas once I really sat down with it did it start to warm my center. I liked the opening piece explaining the Center's reasoning for collecting sex related materials. And later I learned that at campus libraries the bathrooms with double doors are best to look for when cruising for a hookup — that made me stop to think. And admittedly some of the pictures are pretty cool. I think the future issues they will fine-tune the art of getting your eyes to stick to the pages. Sex is communication. Zines is communication. Perfect match eh? (eggplant)

Dirty 1636 Fairview St Berkeley, Ca 94703

I started writing the author of this zine, Tomas Moniz (of Rad Dad), a postcard about how brilliant, beautiful and emotionally stirring Dirty is before I had even finished reading it. Short prose and poetry about the body, touch, intimacy, love, insecurity. Those secret kinda of things we're not supposed to talk about. (enola d!)



Cometbus #55, #55.5- 'Pen Pals' and 'Love you Like Suicide'

PO Box 4726
Berkeley, CA 94704
jotreggiari.com

\$3

In 'Pen Pals,' Aaron writes about his complicated and platonic friendship with Yula, a feisty, stubborn Ukranian girl who also acts as his sidekick as they roam the streets of Berkeley. On these same streets resides

Asswipe, Shards of Glass in Your Eye, The Stowaways and No Gods No Mattresses — all of which we reviewed recently. Their contact is the same, and guess what, their zines are improving. So look those ones up as well. (eggplant)

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New World Rising summer 2013

PO box 97

Hudson, NY 12534

www.facebook.com/groups/newworldrising

A publication with the rough edges showing. The writing is proudly anarchist and... freshman. The topics are presented as if reciting the A-B-C's of black bloc activism: genetically modified foods, bee colony collapse, rebellion to authority and consensus decision making are raised and dispensed with generic abandon. The lack of depth or nuance will probably service Jr. High students wishing to survey an alternative scene as they raise a bold voice to mainstream culture. The unfocused prose and politics has as much funk and honesty as an open mic nite at a sketchy café. Maybe future issues will kick ass — already there's potential because some gems of personality emerge from it. The pages

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Stoner Doom #1

supeesuwtych@gmail.com/spacewtych.tumblr.com

A kinda sci-fi graphic novel zine that involves stoners and doom but exceeds the expectations given by those descriptors. This is hot off the press and the first in what will be a series. Intricate artwork that shows a lot of time, thought and maybe caffeine inspired creation. (enola d!)



bummer of present day San Francisco (where it originates). That is its made by head smart experienced people but presented in a sleek nothingness filtered through a computer. The whole "Everything must be clean," hegemony. I mean there's plenty of art but flipping through it the shitty resolution that was used makes it all look forgettable. I truly miss the grisly hand made underground papers. Alas once I really sat down with it did it start to warm my center. I liked the opening piece explaining the Center's reasoning for collecting sex related materials. And later I learned that at campus libraries the bathrooms with double doors are best to look for when cruising for a hookup — that made me stop to think. And admittedly some of the pictures are pretty cool. I think the future issues they will fine-tune the art of getting your eyes to stick to the pages. Sex is communication. Zines is communication. Perfect match eh? (eggplant)



Maximum Rock N Roll #365

PO Box 460760

San Francisco, CA 94146

\$4

The October issue of this long-running punk zine brings us a Czech Scene Report, interviews with the bands Kontrasekt, Big Black Cloud, Violent Party, and more. What sets Maximum apart from the rest is it's opinionated columns and review sections, spotlight on punk bands and DIY projects from all over the world, and it's brought to us each and every month on gritty, black and white newsprint. I love that anyone can submit an interview or a guest column, and if you live in the bay area and want to help out, they are always looking for shitworkers. Keep your eyes peeled for the Queer issue in January. (Van)



Cometbus #55, #55.5- 'Pen Pals' and 'Love you Like Suicide'

PO Box 4726

Berkeley, CA 94704

jotreggiari.com

\$3

In 'Pen Pals,' Aaron writes about his complicated and platonic friendship with Yula, a feisty, stubborn Ukrainian girl who also acts as his sidekick as they roam the streets of Berkeley. On these same streets resides 'Iskra,' a leftist paper that Aaron describes as 'no frills and no fun,' which he finds refreshing and inspiring. As 'Iskra' is taken off the streets, so is Yula, as she moves away and keeps in touch with Aaron anonymously through postcards. In 'Love You Like Suicide,' Aaron hands the pen over to Jo Treggiari. Jo's story is much darker and takes place in Oakland, more specifically, Ghost Town, an area where people walk around like the living dead. This is a story about heavy drug use and addiction. It is also about Jo's friend, Holly, who she loves so much that it hurts. The ending is tragic, but the writing is beautiful and compelling. Although these stories are extremely different, they both share a common theme. They are both about complicated (and important) friendships, letting go of the past, and moving on the best you can. I'm glad Cometbus is still kicking and bringing us poignant and thought-provoking stories about growing up and staying punk. Here's hoping for 55 more issues! (Van)

storming★heaven





New World Rising summer 2013

PO box 97

Hudson, NY 12534

www.facebook.com/groups/newworldrising

A publication with the rough edges showing. The writing is proudly anarchist and... freshman. The topics are presented as if reciting the A-B-C's of black bloc activism: genetically modified foods, bee colony collapse, rebellion to authority and consensus decision making are raised and dispensed with generic abandon. The lack of depth or nuance will probably service Jr. High students wishing to survey an alternative scene as they raise a bold voice to mainstream culture. The unfocused prose and politics has as much funk and honesty as an open mic nite at a sketchy café. Maybe future issues will kick ass — already there's potential because some gems of personality emerge from it. The pages crowded with words and art show real care in the production. The evidence of actual hands engaging in any open space make it distinct from the "Wordshop" variety of literature. It's creative whole resembles a publication not seen much since shit made in the 1980s. Another plus is the off set printing, this makes some pages have smears of ink that give off an intoxicating smell. (eggplant)

Meditation Is Easy/Tyler Twombly's Guide to Meditation, Hypnosis and Cults

tylertwombly@gmail.com

davidgodzilla@gmail.com

One side of this zine is clean and straightforward how-to, the other handwritten history and debunking of the transcendental meditation cult and resources to learn TM techniques without paying for it. Smart split, Complimentary and informative. (enola d!)

zines — which were mostly personal musings. The combination as seen here goes to providing a rare outlook of the world. Both 66 & 67 have numerous pages dedicated to slice of life entries as well as pieces on music. Roots reggae (like Strictly Roots etc) and the Hard Core band 7 Seconds are given ample space of contemplation by someone who cares. At worst sometimes relating irrelevant information. But his sheer love of the music genuinely sparks my interest and gets me to visit those sounds. (eggplant)

Stoner Doom #1

supeesuwytych@gmail.com/spacewytych.tumblr.com

A kinda sci-fi graphic novel zine that involves stoners and doom but exceeds the expectations given by those descriptors. This is hot off the press and the first in what will be a series. Intricate artwork that shows a lot of time, thought and maybe caffeine inspired creation. (enola d!)



Baitline!!! #46

74A Coleridge St.

San Francisco, CA 94110

Baitline!!! is back with another freaky issue! Look inside and you instantly feel like you're in another world. This FREE classified includes prisoner letters, show fliers, penpal requests, people looking to hook up, and public service announcements - all adorned with some pretty scandalous drawings. Send Baitline!!! your ads, fliers, and wildest desires! (V)

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Specious Species #6

www.speciousspecies.net

lbelly.donohoe@gmail.com

\$8

In this issue of Specious Species, Joe explores the topics sex and death. This zine is packed with information and filled with some of the best interviews I have ever read. There is an interesting interview with Wendy O. Matik about her views on polyamory, a spotlight on Cathee Shultz and her Museum of Death, poetry, short stories, a brief history on Grigori Rasputin, and much, much more! I'm still combing through this zine (all 142 pages) and learning interesting facts about each subject. Specious Species is always a pleasure to read and is HIGHLY recommended for those interested in underground culture. (Vanessa)

so is Tula, as she moves away and keeps in touch with Aaron anonymously through postcards. In 'Love You Like Suicide,' Aaron hands the pen over to Jo Treggiari. Jo's story is much darker and takes place in Oakland, more specifically, Ghost Town, an area where people walk around like the living dead. This is a story about heavy drug use and addiction. It is also about Jo's friend, Holly, who she loves so much that it hurts. The ending is tragic, but the writing is beautiful and compelling. Although these stories are extremely different, they both share a common theme. They are both about complicated (and important) friendships, letting go of the past, and moving on the best you can. I'm glad Cometbus is still kicking and bringing us poignant and thought-provoking stories about growing up and staying punk. Here's hoping for 55 more issues! (Van)

storming★heaven



Storming Heaven #1 June 2013

stormingheaven@riseup.net

Anarchism from Seattle. Made by people who would seem to spend a lot of time on the internet finding insurrectionist related news then venting on the streets afterwards. No tolerance for liberalism here though not quite ready to advocate we all pick up guns or leave bombs in banks. I can see that on the night each new issue is printed minor property damage will probably visit the corporate business part of town. If this review were a scratch and sniff your nose would be greeted by the fresh smells of rain and spray paint.(eggplant)

Long Haul
3124 Shattuck Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94705

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MISERABLE FUTURE

OCTOBER 19 • 12 • 4

Global Frackdown protest in many cities to stop oil and gas fracking. In Oakland at Oscar Grant / Frank Ogawa Plaza 14th & Broadway. globalfrackdown.org

OCTOBER 19 • 20

New Orleans Anarchist Book Fair
nolaanarchistbookfair.org

OCTOBER 19 • 21

Trans and/or Wormyn's Action Camp, Augusta region, Maine
twac.wordpress.com

OCTOBER 20 • 4 PM

Slingshot new volunteer meeting 3124 Shattuck Ave. Berkeley

OCTOBER 25 • 6 PM

Halloween San Francisco Critical Mass bike ride - gather at Justin Herman Plaza and dress up your bike.
sfcriticalmass.org

OCTOBER 26 • 10 • 8

East Bay Anarchist book fair @ Humanist Hall in Oakland
eastbayanarchist.com

NOVEMBER 5 • 12 • 4

Let Them Eat Zines Perth Town Hall, Australia perth.wa.gov.au

NOVEMBER 8 • 8 PM

East Bay Bike Party
eastbaybikeparty.wordpress.com

NOVEMBER 8 • 10

Winnipeg Anarchist Book Fair DIY Fest
wpgbookfairdiyfest.wordpress.com

NOVEMBER 10-11

Boston Anarchist Bookfair Simmons College bostonanarchistbookfair.org

NOVEMBER 10 • 6 • 9

Penpal Writing Night 2nd Sunday of each month 3124 Shattuck Ave. Berkeley

NOVEMBER 16 • 17

Expozine Montreal, Quebec 5035 Saint-Dominique expozine.ca

NOVEMBER 17 • 7 PM

Free Movie: From the Back of the Room (documentary about women in punk) 3124 Shattuck, Berkeley
thelonghaul.org

NOVEMBER 22 • 24

Protest the School of the Americas Ft. Benning, GA www.scaew.org

NOVEMBER 25

Carboro Anarchist Book Fair Chapel Hill, NC
carboroanarchistbookfair.wordpress.com

NOVEMBER 29

Buy Nothing Day

NOVEMBER 30 • 5 PM

Article deadline for issue #115 3124 Shattuck Ave. Berkeley

DECEMBER 7 • 10 • 5 PM

East Bay Alternative Book and Zine Fest Berkeley City College
eastbayalternativebookandzinefest.com

DECEMBER 14

Humboldt Anarchist Book fair
humboldtgrassroots.com

Long Haul
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